

MERRY ENGLAND.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

The Borrowed Plume.

[ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.]

I.

ALI-BEN-SAMEN was a typical son of the Sahara. Brown of face and lithe of limb, strong and supple as a tiger, he was at once brave and superstitious, childish and bloodthirsty. Belonging to a tribe of Bedouins ever in a state of chronic insurrection against the French conquerors, Ali had been accustomed to war and bloodshed from his infancy, and as a mere child had taken active part in raids and reprisals upon the European settlers. He was still but a lad when he was captured in one of these skirmishes and sent as a prisoner to Constantine, where he fully expected to be strung up in company of his fellows. His life, however, was spared, and as the only means open to him of once more being allowed to bear arms, he enlisted amongst the Algerian sharpshooters, or Turcos, and had ever since been a loyal soldier of France.

It was a hot day towards the end of July, 1870, when Ali's soul was gladdened by the prospect of unlimited fighting; for

his regiment was amongst those ordered to Europe, to stem the tide of the German invasion of Alsace. Before leaving his native land he deemed it indispensable to consult a sorceress, one of those who lived by fortune telling and the sale of charms, and to procure a talisman to shield him from the bullets of the infidel. This was the easiest thing in the world ; and the reputed witch, after attentively examining the palm of his hand, said :

"My son, take care of thyself. It is not on behalf of Allah and his Prophet thou art about to fight, beyond the sea. I see dangers as plentiful as swallows flying 'towards thee. Many bullets rain round the brave soldier, but it requires but one to kill him. Thou must be protected from death ; therefore, son Ali, I counsel thee buy this charm, which will render thee bullet-proof. As for thrusts from sword or bayonet, the legs of a Bedouin are active enough to carry him away from any danger of that kind."

Here the old woman brought out a small flat black stone, pierced to allow of its suspension by a cord, on which were roughly traced the words *Arch* and *Korsi*, the names of the two thrones of Allah.

"Is this truly a powerful talisman ?" asked the Turco.

"As powerful as the sun," was the answer ; "and cheap, too, for it costs but a piastre."

The bargain was soon concluded, and the hag hung the stone round Ali's neck with the words :

"The bullets of the infidel will now be powerless against the worthy son of Allah. Go, my son, to victory, and despise the weapons of the infidels."

By the beginning of August Ali and his regiment arrived at Wissembourg in expectation of the German advance.

Wolfgang Fressermann, major in the Bavarian Army, had every personal advantage with one exception. He was thirty years of age, fair, fresh complexioned, broad shouldered and

tall, with a blonde moustache which was the envy of his brother officers: his one physical disadvantage was that he had disfiguring teeth and was a martyr to toothache. Intelligent and plodding, the Major knew many things both useful and useless. He was a good musician, and no mean performer on the violin. He was sentimental, though not sensitive; and while a melancholy air would make him shed tears, the sight of wounded and dying men aroused in him no emotion. If only he could have kept his mouth shut he might have been a lady-killer, a position to which, above all others, he aspired; but his addresses invariably ended in failure, all owing to his dental deficiencies.

On August 4th the assault by the Germans upon Wissembourg took place. The colonel of the Algerian sharpshooters ordered his men to open the fire, which was answered with great precision by the Germans, and many Turcos fell dead or wounded. Ali showed his white teeth in a grin of delight as he took out his eleventh cartridge, when at that moment the enemy broke through the ranks and carried the railway station his regiment was defending. In the subsequent bayonet charge the Turcos fell wholesale, with the exception of Ali, who, sheltered by a baggage waggon, continued to shoot. Four rifles were pointed at him; but, thanks (as he believed) to his charm, the bullets fell harmless, when Major Fressermann darted round the waggon and wounded the Turco severely in the leg with a cut from his sword. Ali threw himself furiously upon the Major, who received the assault upon the point of his sword, which penetrated the Turco's chest and sent him rolling under the waggon, where he lay bleeding profusely from a gaping wound, his eyes open in a fixed stare and his lips drawn back from his teeth in agony.

A few hours later the fight was over and the surgeons busy amongst the dead and dying. It was Dr. Basilius, of Fressermann's regiment, who discovered Ali, and, dragging him out,

supported him against his knee to examine him. At this moment the Major approached, holding his handkerchief to his face.

"My dear Doctor," he said, "I am suffering horribly ; unless you can extract my tooth I fear I shall go mad."

The doctor looked up.

"Look at this splendid savage ; he is still warm, but I cannot discover any pulse. What a terrible expression ! Well, nothing can be done for him, so let us try and relieve you. Let me look at your mouth. By Jove ! It is in a bad state ! How would you like to exchange teeth with this Turco ? You must infallibly lose your own : why not face the operation at once ? Nothing could be simpler. This Arab is dying, though not quite dead. It is an operation that has been successfully performed several times. As I extract a tooth of yours I put one of his in its place ; there will be no time for hæmorrhage, and in a few days, with care, the new teeth will be firmly planted in your gums. You lose your toothache and gain a superb set of new teeth without any expense. But you must make up your mind at once, for there is scarcely a breath of life left in the Bedouin, and the teeth must be taken from a living subject ; in a few minutes it may be too late."

"How long will my sufferings last ?" asked the Major.

"Rather more than a quarter of an hour : we have to extract and replace eighteen teeth."

"But," objected the Major, "I now recognise the man ; it was I who killed him."

"What does that matter ? It is all the same to him ; he has eaten his last morsel, and it would be lamentable to bury such a treasure as his teeth for the sake of mere squeamishness. Don't hesitate any longer. I, a doctor of medicine and surgeon of the King's Army, pledge myself to the success of the operation."

"One more word, Doctor : by thus appropriating the teeth

of an enemy and making them my own, do I not run a great risk? I cannot help thinking of Peter Schlemihl."

"Bah! Peter Schlemihl sold his shadow to the devil. That was sinful, for the shadow is inseparable from the body. You, on the contrary, send your bad teeth to the devil. You killed this Bedouin in fair fight; you take his teeth as your rightful booty according to the custom of war. Come, sit down—and do you," turning to his assistant, "extract and hand me the Arab's teeth."

Without more ado the doctor began his work rapidly, pulling out and transferring the teeth. When half were done the Major cried for mercy, and the doctor gave him five minutes to recover himself. Before the end of an hour the last and eighteenth tooth was fixed in the Major's gums, which Basilius pressed firmly over the fangs; then drawing out a little mirror he offered it to the Major with the words:

"Look at yourself, my friend; these are not so much teeth as fine pearls, perfect gems! You look a dozen years younger; and as for Peter Schlemihl, it is not of him you should be thinking! You are fit for a model of Apollo!"

It was quite true, the Major looked like an Adonis in uniform; but when he tried to thank the doctor the pain returned and he could not articulate a word.

"Now," said Basilius, "you must keep the most absolute silence for three weeks. Go to Lauterburg; sleep with your mouth open, take nothing but broth, jelly, and the extract of raw meat. Don't use your teeth until they are firmly rooted. I shall place you on the sick list, and shall tell the General you must have perfect rest for three weeks. Follow my advice scrupulously. The war has only just begun, and you will have time for plenty of fighting before the end. Not another word; you can thank me later. And now for our young savage; we are only just in time, he has ceased to breathe. See, he has an amulet round his neck; take it Major, it is part of the loot."

Fressermann put the charm into his pocket, and Ali's body was added to the heap of slain.

Meanwhile the Major implicitly followed the doctor's orders. On the seventh day the pain ceased, and on the fifteenth the teeth had become firmly fixed. He rejoined his regiment, and served with much distinction during the campaign; but, being severely wounded in the leg before Sedan, he was invalided, and, quitting the army, returned to his native town of Roth.

II.

THE Major's improved appearance was naturally the subject of much comment amongst his relatives and friends; but being a prudent man he parried all curious inquiries, and no one could fathom the origin of the lustrous teeth that made so great a difference in his outward man. He spoke as little as possible, smiled often, and made the most of his interesting position of a warrior wounded in the service of the Fatherland. All the same, he had been gradually arriving at the conclusion that his new acquisition was not an unmixed blessing. As time went on he began to realise that it was not so much that he owned Ali-ben-Samen's teeth as that Ali-ben-Samen's teeth owned him. They had most decided opinions as to the food they considered suitable, and would behave beautifully when offered soups, milk, fruits, rice, and things of that kind, nor did they reject the white meat of fowls: but to butcher's meat they decidedly objected; and when the Major assayed his favourite dish of pork and sauer-kraut his jaws were paralysed for more than an hour. After a fruitless contest he decided that if he was not to be famished his food must consist of dishes acceptable to Oriental rather than to Western palates. This difficulty overcome, and the good Major deprived of the pleasures of

the table (to which he had always been much addicted), the teeth rebelled against speaking German, and often to show their displeasure would, in the midst of a sentence, bite his tongue until it bled. The consonants *f*, *s*, and *z* they gave with a strong hiss; and as the name of Fressermann contained two of the obnoxious letters he found it almost impossible to pronounce it without producing a startling effect upon his hearers.

After a time pious souls began to shake their heads when the Major was mentioned; and when a local dentist declared, from personal observation, that the teeth were not artificial but human, the rumour ran that the unfortunate Fressermann, like another Peter Schlemihl, had bargained for them with the Evil One in exchange for his soul. Gradually the Major became a marked man, women and children avoided him, and mothers and nurses would threaten their charges with the Bogie Man upon whom the devil had bestowed dead men's teeth, slain in the French War.

At last the situation became so insupportable that the Major determined to seek "fresh woods and pastures new." He betook himself first to Baden, where, having engaged rooms at one of the best hotels, he prepared to enjoy himself and to forget, if possible, his late unpleasant experiences. As he was coming from his room the first evening his attention was suddenly arrested by the sounds of a piano. Someone was playing his favourite sonata, the "Pathétique," in masterly fashion. Entering the drawing-room he saw the performer was a young lady dressed in black, and of striking beauty. Her red gold hair was massed on the top of her finely shaped head, and her complexion was of that radiant fairness which invariably accompanies the Titian tint. As the Major softly approached the piano he noticed the dark eyebrows and eyelashes that veiled her downcast eyes. Entranced, he stood behind her chair and turned the leaf of the music-book. When the lady had struck the final chords she rose, while the Major, bowing, said :

"Madame, excuse my indiscretion, but I am a musician myself, and your playing quite carried me away."

"There is no need to apologise; this is a public room, and I will imagine you to have been introduced to me by Beethoven himself."

"You are too good. My name is Fressermann, a major in the Bavarian service, invalided in consequence of a wound received at Sedan."

"I am the Countess Naronska; and, now that we have been formally introduced, may I ask what instrument you play?"

"The violin."

"That is delightful! We can practise duets together"; and with this speech the Countess completed her conquest of the susceptible Wolfgang Fressermann.

He soon ascertained that the Countess Naronska was a wealthy Polish widow, who travelled in the company of her old uncle and a large retinue of servants. As she was a foreigner, the Major flattered himself she would not notice his peculiarities of speech; and she certainly gave no sign of doing so. They played duets daily, and the Countess permitted the Major to accompany her in her walks and drives. Indeed, so kind was she to him that he looked upon his suit as won, until one evening his Lydia (as he called her in his own mind) spoke of her approaching return to Poland. Now Lydia was a name to which Ali's teeth did not object, so he was able to whisper it fervently as he spoke of the frightful void her absence would make in his life.

"But why should we separate?" asked the Countess. "Come with us on a visit to Lithuania. You can hunt and shoot with my uncle all day, and in the evening we will continue our duets."

"Lydia!" cried the Major, "you are fascinating; my heart is yours!"

Lydia leant back on her cushions and extended her hand to

her adorer, who, dropping on his knees caught it to his lip. But he had reckoned without Ali; instead of the expected salute the Countess shrieked with pain as the Major's teeth met in her soft white flesh.

"The man is mad!" she exclaimed, as she fled towards the door; and her suitor, overcome with horror, hastened to reassure her by saying that in kneeling suddenly he had so hurt his wounded leg as to have involuntarily clenched his teeth. She allowed herself apparently to be appeased, but soon made the excuse that she must have her wounded hand dressed, and the Major saw her no more that evening.

He spent a wretched night, but was somewhat comforted when the next day the Countess seemed to have forgotten the unfortunate incident, and when he referred to it answered gaily: "It is nothing; bring your violin. You are a terrible man, an Othello. If you are as eager in rendering this sonata as you are in kissing a lady's hand, I will forgive you."

Three days after this a distant cousin of the Countess arrived. Prince Adam Zinsky was evidently a favourite of the fair Lydia's, and the Major felt that his dream of future bliss had come to an end. Not that the Countess seemed to avoid him, but when they played Prince Adam stood by her chair and turned over her music; and though she still invited the Major to accompany her in her walks and drives the Prince made a third in the party. She also gave up appearing at the *table d'hôte* and dined with her uncle and cousin in her own apartments.

One evening the Major was returning from a solitary walk, and as he passed the windows of the Countess's room he saw they were open and could hear her voice distinctly, accompanied by the loud laughter of her companions. The Major paused a moment, and his name pronounced in mimicry of Ali's peculiar manner caught his ear. He stopped involuntarily, and heard his cruel charmer repeating to her

audience all the soft nothings he had whispered to her during their intercourse, winding up with a ridiculous account of his final proposal. Stung beyond endurance the Major rushed up to his room, and, cursing his teeth and their former owner, he packed up his things and then sat down to write an account of the whole matter to Dr. Basilius and to ask his advice, concluding with these words: "Suppose that a real Turco made love to Lydia, do you think she would favour his suit? Certainly not; she would regard him with abhorrence. It remains now for me to see how far I have become an Arab in spite of myself. The imprudence of Peter Schlemihl was nothing compared to mine. He lost only part of himself; I have been inoculated with the nature of another person entirely antagonistic to my own, which threatens to dominate me completely. Two courses are open to me: I can have these accursed teeth extracted and replaced by false ones, or I can apply my solid Teutonic intellect to Eastern questions, and so make the best of what is at present a bad bargain. I incline to the latter course, and shall at once leave for Stuttgart, to study the Oriental languages as a preparation for taking up my abode in Algiers."

The next morning he went to take leave of the Countess. She looked surprised and asked, "Are you really going? Not for long, I hope."

"For ever," answered the Major.

III.

DR. BASILIUS'S answer confirmed Fressermann in his resolution. The doctor wrote: "I applaud your resolve. When two persons have to live together, one must give in for the sake of peace, and this generally has to be done by the stronger and more intelligent one of the two. Submit, therefore, to necessity and see where the experiment will lead. It has, at all events,

many elements of interest, and you always have it in your power to withdraw, should you find the position intolerable, by getting rid of the parasite that troubles you."

This decided the Major, and he gave himself up with ardour to his new studies. Now that Ali's part in him was unopposed, the German rapidly became absorbed in the Arab; he learnt with such ease and rapidity as to astonish the Professor, whose most assiduous pupil he had become. In a short time his pronunciation of Arabic and its various dialects was perfect, and his habits and thoughts became entirely Oriental. He had discovered in an old bag the talisman taken from Ali at Wissembourg, and without knowing what it was he hung it round his neck, saying: "Let thy spirit be at peace, O Bedouin; forgive thy slayer, and be for the future my cherished companion: and in token of our reconciliation I will wear this memento of thee with Oriental simplicity."

One day the Major disappeared from Stuttgart, and shortly after landed at the port of Algiers. After engaging his rooms he bought a complete Bedouin costume; and when he was enveloped in a voluminous white bernouse, and shod with yellow morocco slippers, his teeth seemed to shine with even more than their usual brilliancy; and as he contemplated them in the glass, he said: "It is for your sake I do this; be content, and trouble me no more."

He soon became entirely acclimatised, and no one could recognise the Bavarian in the Bedouin. One day, as he was strolling through the city, he was accosted by an old woman, who, after looking at him attentively, exclaimed:

"Ali, is it really you? Yes; I recognise you by the precious amulet I sold you. They said you were killed; but I knew well it could not be true. You are much changed, my poor Ali: your eyes are cold and pale, and your skin a sickly white; but your rich dress tells me you have made your fortune, and it is to me you owe it!"

The Major stared at her in amazement, but, nothing daunted, she continued :

"Ali, my son, your comrades are slain in France ; your relations have fled into the desert ; but you will still find some friends, and I alone can tell you where they are in hiding. Now that you are rich, you might bestow a trifle upon me."

The Major drew out a five-franc piece and placed it in her hand, saying :

"My good woman, I am not he whom you imagine me to be. Did this Ali you speak of serve in the French Army ?"

"Certainly, Ali-ben-Samen, of the First Regiment of Algerian sharpshooters."

"Well, he was killed by a sword-thrust. I have no time to explain to you my reasons for coming to this country. It is sufficient for you to know that I loved him, and that he returns in my person: I am his other self. The great sage, Ahmed-ben-Arabschah, says: 'Find one true friend in the course of your life, and you possess the highest good.' I have found this friend in Ali-ben-Samen. I wear his amulet, and in return I am endued with his qualities ; his family is mine. If you really know where they are, take me to them."

"Alas ! most magnanimous Lord, Ali's people took up arms against the French in the late insurrection. Only two of these remain in Algiers : his cousin, old Ziad, the snake charmer, with his daughter, Fatima. At present they are employed by the wealthy merchant, Aboulfetah. If you would like to see Ziad at work, come with me."

The hag then took him to a house enclosed by a high white wall, where a Negro opened the door to them. After a few words from his guide, the Major was led into a hall opening on to a garden, where the master of the house received him, and hearing that he was curious to see the snake charmer at work at once invited him into the garden. While coffee and pipes were being served the courteous host said : "The operation of

finding a snake is curious, though not, as the charmer would fain make us believe, supernatural. A snake is concealed somewhere in this house ; it does not seem to be a dangerous one, for it hides during the day, but at night it milks the cow and goats, and Ziad has undertaken to deliver us from this nuisance."

Ziad now entered, a man of about fifty, small, brown, and shrivelled, clad in high boots over his baggy Zouave breeches, a black cloak, and a large linen turban. He sat down on the ground with his back to the wall, while close to him stood a young girl of some fifteen years, tall and slender as a reed, with a face of singular beauty lit up by dark soft eyes. Ziad ordered all the doors to be opened, and traced a circle in the sand, into which his daughter stepped. After a series of eccentric gestures he blew into the girl's ears, saying, "Attend, Fatima." Fatima's face was deadly pale, and her eyes had become entirely without expression, like those of a sleep-walker. Ziad began to play a monotonous tune on a pipe, and, taking hold of his daughter's hand, entered the house at a slow pace and with an air of great gravity. The charmer made straight for the kitchen, still keeping up the droning of the pipe ; then he halted, and a tremour ran through the girl from head to foot as she extended her arms and cried, "He is there." As she pointed the head and neck of a snake emerged from an opening in the sink, and was immediately seized by the charmer and dragged from its hiding-place. The moment it opened its jaws Fatima extracted its fangs with a small pair of pincers, and the vanquished reptile allowed itself to be coiled up like a rope and placed in a small basket, and Ziad soon after left with his daughter. The Major also took his leave, and as he emerged into the street he found the old fortune-teller waiting for him.

"My Lord," she asked obsequiously, "what am I to call you?"

"Call me by the name of the friend I have lost."

Well, my Lord Ali-ben-Samen, are you pleased?"

"Charmed, like the snake! Ziad is a clever man, but his daughter has won my heart."

"Yes, she is beautiful and good; gentle as a cat, fresh as a flower, and of marriageable age. You might adopt her and love her like a father; or if you determined to remain in Africa, you might espouse her."

"At present I simply want to see her again. I will certainly do all I can to promote her own and her father's welfare. Come to my hotel to-morrow at five o'clock, and then you can take me to see them."

Punctually to the time the old woman appeared; and when asked by the Major, "Will Ziad receive me this evening?" she replied: "He expects you anxiously; and as for the girl, she clapped her hands with joy when she heard you thought her beautiful."

Ziad's dwelling stood in a small garden, where, under a large magnolia tree, coffee and pipes were served to the guest and her father by Fatima herself, who, in her full, blue silk trousers, rose-coloured vest, and necklace of sequins, rivalled the houris of Paradise in beauty and grace. The evening passed like a dream to the Major, and the old hag lost no time in asking him what he thought of the fair one and what were his intentions.

"Lord Ali, I see by your eyes you love this young girl; what will you do?"

"I don't know; if the French Code permitted it I would certainly marry her."

"The French laws matter nothing to the true believers. We want no notaries, no lawyers; our word is sufficient. You are a servant of Allah, and the Koran allows each true believer to have four wives. Why should not Fatima be one?"

It now became the daily custom of the enamoured Major to spend the evening in Ziad's garden; but although he showered presents upon Fatima, who received him with her sweetest smiles, three months had passed and he had not yet declared his intention

with regard to her. At last the old woman brought him to the point :

"My son Ali," she said, "the moon has waxed and waned three times since first you met Fatima."

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that three months have passed already? It seems scarcely three weeks."

"Nevertheless it is three months. To-day I cast your and Fatima's horoscope. After the fourth month you will be parted ; she will either be asked in marriage or go on a long journey. It is in your power to counteract the influence of the stars by prompt action. What will you do? "

"I am anxious to marry her."

"Very well. The fourth moon begins to-night, and as yet Ziad has no idea of anything between you and his daughter. I have spoken ; your fate is in your own hands."

When the Major arrived at the snake charmer's as usual in the evening, Fatima was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is your daughter?" he asked.

"Oh!" was the reply, "an aged aunt has arrived from Boghra and has fallen ill with the fatigue of the journey. Fatima has gone to nurse her and will not return to-night."

That night the Major reviewed the situation. He was determined to marry Fatima ; if, later on, he found a more desirable connexion open to him, the Koran, as the old woman had said, allowed the Mussulman four wives, and Fatima could not object to his taking advantage of the permission given him by her faith. So the next morning the Major repaired to Ziad's, when to his joy the door was opened to him by Fatima herself. Her eyes were red with weeping, and she had no time to return the salutation of her suitor before her father called to her :

"Hasten, Fatima, it is time to go."

"May I not even speak to our friend?"

"Our friend will excuse you when he knows your aunt requires your care."

Fatima tapped her foot impatiently, and gave a side-long glance at the Major, but finding no response slowly withdrew.

As for Fressermann, it suddenly dawned upon him that the scene was not genuine, but got up for his benefit, and turning round he walked slowly back to his hotel. He divested himself of his Bedouin dress, and putting on his European costume walked in deep thought to a café much frequented by the soldiers and natives. Here he ordered some coffee, and sat down close to two Kabyles who were engaged in an animated discussion in their own tongue.

"If our man were a Frenchman," said the elder, "the little one would by now have been betrothed, the dowry paid, the suitor carried off and ransomed, and the money in our pockets. But these Germans are as cold as their country. Fatima has had nothing in return for her pretty blandishments but a few trifling presents."

"There is nothing left but to take the citadel by force instead of stratagem," answered the other.

"That is decided. To-night Fatima's old aunt will die, leaving her all her property, which will necessitate a journey to Boghar. Ziad will invite the stranger to accompany them. Camels will be hired, and the German will, doubtless, take all his luggage. When we arrive on the shore of Oued-cheliff, Fatima will express a desire for a row on the water. You and I will be the rowers, while Ziad will remain on land. We shall upset the boat: Fatima can swim like a fish; but her lover will be drowned, and we shall share his goods."

"The plan is good," said the younger man.

"And you are two infernal thieves!" thundered the Major. The Kabyles started up, staring in wonder and affright at this man of the North with white skin and fair hair, who understood the Berber language, and took to their heels.

The Major, on his arrival at his rooms, found the old hag waiting for him. She did not at first recognise him in his

Western dress, and trembled when he pushed her into the room, and, shutting the door, exclaimed :

"Vile wretch ! Ali-ben-Samen's spirit has revealed to me that I was to be entrapped into a journey to Boghar, and drowned on the way. For the sake of Fatima I refrain from denouncing you all to the police ; but go at once and darken my sight no more, lest I alter my mind !"

When the old woman had fled the Major wrapped up his yellow slippers and Bedouin dress, and threw them in disgust out of the window, fully resolved to return to his native land at once. The next morning it seemed to him his teeth looked dull and yellow.

"How strange !" he murmured. "Does my leaving Algiers vex the Turco ? Ali-ben-Samen, if my return to Europe displeases you, I am sorry ; but I can make no more sacrifices for you, and you will have to console yourself as best you can."

At breakfast, while biting a piece of bread, the Major had a first return of toothache. He put his hand to the suffering tooth—it came out. Shortly after a second one fell into the Major's plate ; it was evident the Turco's teeth intended to remain in Algiers. All that day, as he was making his preparations, he kept shedding one tooth after another, and when in the evening he went on board the steamer the last of the eighteen rolled on to the gangway, and nothing was left but two or three back teeth, which, though decayed, were entirely German. The divorce from Ali-ben-Samen was achieved.

At Marseilles the Major put himself into the hands of a dentist, who undertook to supply him with a perfect set warranted to eat anything, and to speak all languages, living and dead. The Major was now quite himself again, and on his arrival at Munich met with several of his former comrades, who invited him to a dinner at the principal hotel, to welcome his return. Fressermann seemed determined to make up for his long period of enforced abstinence and ate, and above

all drank, copiously. When the sweets were being put on the table, he, already much the worse for the wine he had absorbed, struck the table with his fist and shouted :

"The bill of fare was excellent, but there is one dish which was not included, and which I intend to have before I sleep to-night—pork and sauer-kraut !"

In vain his friends tried to dissuade him ; and when the indigestible dish was placed before him he ate it to the last morsel, and soon after staggered off to bed.

The next morning a servant, passing the Major's door, heard loud groans proceeding from the room. The door was locked, but was at once broken open. Upon the floor lay the Major, his face covered with blood from a wound in the temple, caused by his falling against the stove. He was quite delirious, and kept muttering : "No, no, miserable Turco, I have nothing in common with you ! No, lovely Lydia, I am not an Othello, an African ! I cannot marry you, Fatima, and you shall not drown me ! My friends, I am not an Arab." Then after a pause he added : "A German I am, and a German I will remain !"

These were his last words ; before the doctor arrived Wolfgang Fressermann was dead.

E. VERNON BLACKBURN.

The Eviction.

1.

UNRULY tenant of my heart,
Full fain would I be quit of thee ;
I've played too long a losing part,
Thou bringest me neither gold nor fee.

2.

'Tis time thou shouldst thy holding yield,
Thy will and mine no longer meet,
With cockle hast thou sowed my field,
With squanderings all the public street.

3.

Thy presence doth disturb my pride,
Let me be owner of my own ;
I fling thee with thy goods outside,
And bar re-entry with a stone.

4.

Begone and hide thee from my face ;
I will not see thee chiding there.
Away, to live in my disgrace !
Away, to die in thy despair !

5.

O impotence of human wit !
The law is mine, the fault in thee,
And yet in vain I serve the writ,
In vain I scourge thee with decree.

6.

For lo, in stillness of the night,
O'erturning stone and guard and door,
Thou art come with thy lost tenant-right
And hast possession as before.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

God's Birds.

THE PELICAN.

THE appearance of the pelican is at all times so sad, and the attitudes it frequently assumes serve so much to increase the impression the sight makes upon the interested observer, that one can easily understand how the Psalmist came to think of this bird as he sang a song for the solace of his soul in sadness, and to say: "I am become like to a pelican of the wilderness" (Ps. ci. 7). Maybe he had seen a pelican sitting motionless, after a meal, as these birds will sit for hours, with its head sunk upon its shoulders and its bill on its breast, seeming, of all things, the very picture of melancholy. But it was hardly in the desert he could see it; for the pelican is aquatic and lives on fish, and must needs build its nest and rear its brood in the neighbourhood of water, by river, lake, or sea. And, indeed, as the Latin proves, "the wilderness" is only a solitude and not a desert; so that the poets and others, who have taken this text too literally, and on the strength of it have given to the pelican the ostrich's name of the bird of the desert, have evidently been mistaken. Nor is the bird even a solitary, but, on the contrary remarkably gregarious, seeking only to live and thrive as far as may be from the haunts of men. Only in the Holy Scripture is it lonely; but there, though the bird is common in Palestine, it is only once mentioned, in that passage from the Psalms.

The pelican is a great fisher, and lives chiefly on the success of its beak—I had almost said its rod ; and though it can hardly be said to whip the streams, it certainly is a scourge to the finny tribes. Under its bill is a large pouch of skin, which, when fully distended, is able, they say, to contain about two gallons of water. In this the bird stores the fish as it catches them, and hence disgorges them again for its own meal or that of its young. In doing this the red tip of the upper mandible is pressed against the breast, and looks, on the white feathers, like a large drop of blood. This fact is probably the origin of the dear old legend which clothes every pelican with beauty and honour. It is said that when the pelican can find no food for its nestlings, it opens its breast with its sharp beak and feeds them with its own blood, and, if need be, even unto death. And so the bird has come to be generally the type of a tender parent, and, in ecclesiastical art, the emblem also of Divine love.

The device of the pelican thus nourishing its young in the nest is called in heraldry "a pelican in her piety." Of old this act—symbolical, it may be, of death giving life—was found represented on Egyptian tombs ; but to-day it is to be seen pictured or sculptured in our churches, and oftenest on the door of the Tabernacle, the home of Jesus in the sweet Sacrament of His love. In His Passion and Death He shed for us, even to the last drop, His Sacred Blood, that "Precious Blood," as St. Peter was inspired to call it ; and in the Holy Communion the ruddy fountain is still unsealed to give life to our souls. That is why St. Thomas Aquinas, the great poet of the Eucharist, in one of his hymns, invokes Jesus as "Loving Pelican" ; and that is why the emblem of the tender bird feeding its brood seems to us, as it were, the coat-of-arms of Our Saviour, the purpose of which is so plain as not to need for its meaning His motto, "God is love." Thus the pelican, one of the loveliest of God's birds, puts us in mind of God.

THE SPARROW.

"CHEEP! cheep!" say the sparrows on the housetop; or is it rather, *cheap, cheap*, as if they were in some way conscious of what Our Lord said of them of old, and were proud and loquacious of the very lowliness (and what a lesson for us!) which made Him speak of them at all, and then speak of them so tenderly? "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" He asks; "and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father." He was teaching the people that there is no such thing as chance or fate in life or death, but only the loving and watchful care of our Heavenly Father's providence. And He went on to say: "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore: better are you than many sparrows" (St. Matth. x. 29-31). And on another occasion He repeats this important lesson of trust in God, in even tenderer terms: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God. Yea, the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore: you are of more value than many sparrows" (St. Luke xii. 6, 7).

Hamlet, for all his madness—or was there method in that madness?—remembers this truth: "There is," he says, "a special providence in the fall of a sparrow." And the latter part of the Gospel texts refutes (if refutation is necessary) that strange couplet of Pope's—not by any means an infallible Pope—the rhyme of which is better than the reason:

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

No! the only answer we can make to such a tender invitation is to say and to feel those words of perfect trust which holy Job has taught us: "Though He should kill me, yet will I trust in Him"; having the blessed assurance of the Belovéd Disciple that "God is love." And we cannot easily trust God too much, if we only mistrust ourselves ever more

and more ; yea, let us trust Him all we can, if only we will pray to Him, with the dear old Quaker poet of Massachusetts :

Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

It is curious to note how our Divine Saviour, Who, of course knew all things, shows that He knows the price of sparrows in the market. Two for a farthing they were, or five for two ; the more you took, the cheaper they came ; or, perhaps, you could get a pair of old birds for a farthing, or five, that is, a nestful of, fledglings for two. The sparrow has the distinction of being, so far at least as the Gospel records tell us, the only bird that was mentioned more than once by our Blessed Lord.

And if no sparrow is forgotten before God, and the hairs of our head are all numbered by Him, we may be sure that He will not disregard even the smallest thing done for His love, or the shortest prayer that the heart of the smallest child sends up before His throne. We sometimes long to do great things for God ; but He has His heroes, the Saints, to do the great things for Him ; and He wants us to do the little things, for the little things have also to be done. And such things—"his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love"—are, as the poet truly says, the best part of even a good man's, not to say of a good child's, life ; for, as Wordsworth also wrote in the album of a little child—words worthy enough to be written in letters of gold—even

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

So, if we can do only little things for God, let us do them with all the greater care, and some day we shall find that they were not so little after all.

But by far the most touching of all the Bible references to the sparrow is that in the begininng of the fourteenth chapter of Leviticus, where directions are given for the sacrifices to be

offered by the leper who has been cured of his dread disease. Among other things it is said: "He shall be brought to the priest, who shall command him to offer for himself two living sparrows, which it is lawful to eat" (and, therefore, to sacrifice); "and he" (that is, the priest) "shall command one of the sparrows to be immolated; but the other that is alive he shall dip in the blood of the sparrow that is immolated, wherewith he shall sprinkle him that is to be cleansed seven times. And he shall let go the living sparrow, that it may fly into the field.'" It was to this rite that our Blessed Lord referred when He cured the leper. And it is not unlikely (though, of course, these would be less frequently wanted), that in His day the birds for these ceremonies were sold in the Temple, as we know from the Gospels that doves were sold. A similar rite, described in almost the same words, is prescribed, towards the end of the same chapter, for the ceremonial cleansing of what was known as leprosy in houses.

So, like the scapegoat going out into the desert with the sins of the people upon his devoted head, the little sparrow flew away into the fields, as though bearing the leprosy away on his wings red with his little fellow's blood. And thus these birds poor little red-breasts of a day, became, by their touching dedication, God's birds indeed.

The sparrow is a favourite in the Psalms. In the tenth David asks: "In the Lord I put my trust; how, then, do you say to my soul: 'Get thee away from hence to the mountain like a sparrow?'" This bird, however, was possibly the mountain-finch. Again, in the 123rd, it is said: "Our soul hath been delivered, as a sparrow out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are delivered." And, yet again, David says of the cedars of Libanus: "There the sparrows shall make their nests" (ciii. 17); though the words that follow—"the highest of them is the house of the heron"—seem to show that he spoke rather of birds in general. This remark applies also

according to many scholars, to the two accompanying texts and some others; though, with regard to the passage from Leviticus, it must be remembered that, since all the other directions for the sacrifice are so very precise, some particular bird is probably meant, as is the custom in similar prescriptions of the law. These scholars, however, generally agree that the bird in question must be some small bird of the sparrow kind, as its Hebrew name seems to mean "a twitterer"; and so, I think, we shall do well to follow our own version, which in every case adheres to the Vulgate and its great authority.

In the Book of Proverbs there is a mention of the sparrow, which puts one in mind of our familiar saying that "Chickens come home to roost." "As a bird flying to other places," it says, "and a sparrow going here or there, so a curse uttered without cause shall come upon a man"; that is, of course, upon the man that wantonly utters it (xxvi. 2).

And still another claim from the sparrow to make good his title of a bird of God, namely, that from his dwelling in God's house! The sweet singer of the 83rd Psalm, delighting in the beauty and attraction of the place of God's peculiar presence amongst men, cries out with envious longing to be as happy as the birds that dwelt there always: "How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord. For" (even) "the sparrow hath found herself a house: Thy altars" (that is, Thy temple) "O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God."

"The courts of the Lord" are rased to the ground; but that verse, now as sad as it was sweet when first it was sung, is recalled by Mr. Tristram, a traveller in the Holy Land; when speaking of the site where stood the Temple, he says: "In a chink I discovered a sparrow's nest of a species so closely allied to our own that it is difficult to distinguish it—one of the very kind of which the Psalmist sang."

In another way the verse was brought home to me not very

long ago. As I knelt one morning near the altar, making my thanksgiving after Mass, lo! a sparrow—that, doubtless, had “found herself a house” in the very house of God, a greater by its Sacramental Presence than Psalmist ever dreamed of—flew down from one of the sanctuary windows, and went hopping along at the foot of the Communion-rail, where, a few moments before, I had distributed the Bread of Life. And as it went, with its pathetic little pauses, and bright, upward glances in the places where one by one the communicants had knelt, it seemed to me the true type of the soul in its spiritual union with God, as in their pictures some of the great Christian painters have often represented birds. St. Brendan, perhaps, had thought it one of the half-fallen Angels he had seen in the Paradise of Birds.

It was in quite another mood that the Psalmist cried: “I am become like to a pelican of the wilderness; I am like a night-raven in the house; I have watched, and am become as a sparrow all alone on the housetop” (Ps. ci. 7, 8). What a picture of lonely grief that is, and with what true Oriental prodigality is it not drawn! With grief white like the pelican, and lonely as she; his soul dark with the shadows of desolation, like a bird of night; nay, after a sleepless night, alone and lonely amongst men—with a more than “London loneliness,” and almost as if there were no God in the world, since sin and its sorrows had come upon him—alone and lonely save for the solitary sparrow—and even the bird at times seemed but to accentuate his loneliness—the sad Psalmist walks in the dawn upon the roof of his house, where all but he are sleeping.

There is no mistaking that poor plebeian of God's birds, the dear, dingy, little street arab, our common house-sparrow, there alone on the roof of the house or with his many companions, in their several species, everywhere in Palestine—in the Jordan Valley, or in the towns on the coast. It is, however, now commonly agreed amongst naturalists, of whom I may mention

Charles Waterton and the Rev. J. G. Wood, that the bird here alluded to cannot be our common house-sparrow, because this bird is not solitary in his habits, but must be the blue thrush, of which the former of these writers—and he seems to have been the first to express the opinion—says, “it is remarkable throughout all the East for sitting solitary on the habitations of men.” But neither is the pelican solitary in his habits, seeking only solitude from men; and neither pelican nor sparrow is so described. “The night-raven” cannot help us much in the matter, until we can make some fair guess what manner of bird is meant by that name. David is not a naturalist, minding his *P's* and *Q's* in his allusions to birds, but a supernaturalist singing an inspired song of sorrow. It is precisely because the pelican and the sparrow are generally so gregarious, that in their casual loneliness they furnish forth so apt a figure of the Psalmist's casual, lonely state. For my part, I have sometimes seen a sparrow all alone upon the housetop.

Solitude is sweet, they say; and we could say so too, if with La Bruyère, we only had someone to whom we could say so. Ah! if in our lonely days—or it may be, alas! our lonely lives—we were always truly conscious of the presence of God, if we lived in Him as the bird lives in the air, and felt that we cannot be beyond the circle of His tender care, we might, indeed, feel that solitude is sweet, and have Him to say so to, in a prayerful, calm content. The boast of Africanus, recorded by Cicero that he was “never less alone than when alone,” might then be true for us in a better sense than it was true for him. That is the wisdom St. Paul preached to the Athenians in the midst of the Areopagus, and doubtless from his own intimate experience of its truth and its bearing upon the conduct of life, that God is “not far from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and be” (Acts xvii. 27, 28). And that at last was also the way the Psalmist learnt to feel no longer lonely; for, amongst other eloquent evidences of this feeling, he says to God: “If I take

my wings early in the morning" (and thus, fly all day), and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea ; even there also shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me" (Ps. cxxxviii. 9, 10).

And here I may fitly add a woman's last word on the sparrow, written for this chapter by Miss Katharine Tynan, in the following beautiful lines that seem to palpitate with the poetry of piety. They are called "God's Bird."

Nay, not Thine eagle, Lord,
No golden eagle I
That creep half-fainting on the sward
And have no wings to fly.

Nor yet Thy swallow dear,
That, faring home to Thee,
Sails on the storm and hath no fear,
And broods above the sea.

Nor yet Thy tender dove,
Meek as Thyself, Thou Lamb ;
I would I were the dove, Thy love,
And not that thing I am.

But take me in Thy hand
To be Thy sparrow then :
Where two sparrows in Holy Land,
One farthing bought the twain.

Make me Thy sparrow then,
And hold me in Thy hold,
And who shall pluck me out again
And cast me in the cold ?

But if I fall at last,
A thing of little price,
That Thou one thought on me hast cast
Maketh my Paradise.

THE COCK AND THE HEN.

THE cock is sometimes mentioned in the Old Testament, but

the hen finds no such notice there. These domestic fowls are not natives of Palestine, and we do not know at what time they were first introduced; but they must have been common when and where "the cock-crowing" was alluded to as a measure of time. In the Book of Tobias is found the first such reference (viii. 11); and in Ecclesiastes it is said of old men, presumably because of their sleeplessness, "They shall rise up at the voice of the bird"; that is, as it would appear, at the crowing of the cock (xii. 4). The almost human intelligence with which the bird of dawn, like some old astronomer, reads the stars and foretells the coming day, is commemorated in God's question to Job: "Who hath put wisdom in the heart of man? Or who gave the cock understanding?" (xxxviii. 36). In Proverbs the majestic gait of the cock is evidently referred to, where, "A cock girded about the loins" is said to be one of "three things which go well" (xxx. 29, 31). And, lastly, the manner of carrying these birds to market would seem to have been present to the mind of Isaias, when he said to the unfaithful Sobna, who was "over the Temple," and who should be carried into captivity: "Behold, the Lord will cause thee to be carried away as a cock is carried away" (xxii. 17).

In the New Testament the Evangelists mention the cock-crowing, and also the crowing cock, in the words of warning which our Divine Saviour spoke to Peter, and in their account of the fulfilment which followed so fast on the heels of His prophecy. St. Luke's account, which is as follows, is the fullest of the four: "I say to thee, Peter," says Our Lord, "the cock shall not crow this day" (or, according to St. Mark, "to-day, even in this night") "till thou thrice deniest that thou knowest Me." Then, after the triple denial, St. Luke continues: "Immediately, as he was yet speaking, the cock crew. And the Lord, turning, looked on Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, as He had said: 'Before the cock crow thou shalt deny Me thrice.' And Peter, going out, wept bitterly"

(xxii.). St. Mark says: "Before the cock crow *twice*," in the prophecy, and afterwards, "the cock crew *again*" (xiv.). These somewhat different phrases prove that here the Evangelists are not giving us the very words of our Blessed Lord; but their meaning is exactly the same. That the second cock-crowing was the cock-crowing properly so called is shown by another passage of St. Mark's Gospel (xiii. 35), where the time of "the cock-crowing" is put between the midnight and the morning; for it is said that the cock crows three times: at midnight, two hours before the dawn, and at dawn. From the words of St. Luke, especially, it would appear that our Divine Lord and St. Peter must both have heard a cock actually crowing from some place hard by.

To us also, in this later day, "the cock's shrill clarion" is not without its note of warning. Awakening us from nightly slumber, it seems to say, even to our souls, that "it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep"; or, if haply and happily we have never yet denied Our Lord and Saviour, the warning comes from the still, small voice that has learnt the words He addressed to His chosen Disciples when He awoke them in the Garden: "Watch ye, and pray that ye enter not into temptation." Or if, moving still to these large issues, the mind at such a time should think of the one day less to live and the one day more to answer for, and should put the olden question to the feathered watchman of the night: "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" the olden and only answer—"The morning cometh; also the night"—will seem to come from that suggestive bird and give us pause.

That the hen was common in Palestine in the days of our Blessed Lord is plain from the fact that eggs (and it is not too much to assume that these were hens' eggs), were used as a common article of food, as appears from His words on the efficacy of prayer: "Which of you, if he ask his father bread, will he give him a stone? Or a fish, will he for a fish give him a

serpent? Or if he shall ask an egg, will he reach him a scorpion?" (St. Luke xi. 11, 12). And once our Divine Lord mentions the hen by name, in illustration of the tenderness of His own loving-kindness towards His children, and in words that are by far the most tender and touching about any bird in the Bible.

On this occasion that favourite figure of speech, "under the covert of God's wings," which, as we have seen in the chapter on the eagle, God so often inspired His poet-laureate to employ, comes from the sweetest lips that ever spake, and from the abundance of the tenderest heart that ever beat, describing for us a personal trait of God Himself made man; but now, as we might expect, it comes with a superadded beauty all its own. Language has no simile that could better express the infinite yearnings of the Divine compassion.

It is the lament of Jesus over the doomed city: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldest not!" (St. Matth. xxiii. 37). In the parallel passage in St. Luke's Gospel (xiii. 34), it is a *bird* and her *brood* that are spoken of; but the context shows, even in our version, that it is the hen that is meant; and in another English translation the original word is so rendered in both places alike. "The bird" of St. Luke always seems to me to be "*that* bird," suggesting that, as Jesus spoke, He pointed to a hen actually gathering her chickens under her wings.

Such a sight, so common as it must have been, and so often occasioned by the approach of birds of prey, numerous everywhere around them, would naturally make these words of Jesus very effective to his hearers; and some of them, perhaps, still living at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, and remembering how the Saviour had said: "Behold, your house shall be left to you desolate," would see a new meaning in His simile, when they saw the Roman eagles swoop down upon the once holy city and her brood.

Look at the hen—never for a moment out of sight or her charge, and frequently calling them still closer around her—as, every now and then, she gathers her chickens and shelters them from the bitter blast beneath the warmth of her wings: her voice, her every movement, her very appearance, all betray her sweet anxiety for her tender brood! Here and there you shall see a little head peeping out from among the feathers; but in the little eyes you shall see no fear but a sense of security as they look out upon the great world from the shelter of that warm retreat. Mother-bird of birds, image of all tenderness, no better type could be found on earth of the loving-kindness of Jesus! Happy little chicks! and thrice happy children, safe under the covert of Christ's fostering care! Well may we say: "Lord, it is good for us to be here!"

And what a contrast there is between God's care of us as typified in the Old Testament and in the New! There He was as the eagle with her brood; here He is as the hen with her chickens. A bird of power, terrible in her strength, was the type of His love for His chosen people, in that olden day, when He had only made man to His own image and likeness; but from that blessed time, and thenceforth for ever, when He made Himself unto the image and likeness of man, a bird, whose weakness is proverbial, but who is still strong enough to die for her brood, if need be, is the type of that unutterably greater love manifested to us in Jesus Christ. In the eagle the might and the majesty of the Godhead are represented; in the hen is seen only the trembling tenderness of the Divine manhood. Like the eagle, God was once far from us and high above us in His Heaven; like the hen, that dear domestic bird, He is now with us on His earth, made one of ourselves, the very bone of our bone and the flesh of our flesh. God is love: therefore, though in the law of life like for like is still demanded as of old, love has cast out fear; no longer are we asked to pay to man "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but to yield to God a heart for a heart.

OTHER BIRDS.

OTHER birds also are honoured by special mention in the Word of God. These are all gathered together here in one chapter, where, as though in their native haunts in the bird-land of the millennium, you shall see the partridge perching in peace with the puttock, and the heron with the hawk.

The nut-brown partridge, "the bold little yeoman of our country-side," is found in several kinds in Palestine at the present day, and is common on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. And there, in David's day, as here in our own, he seems to have had his *First*, and to have provided amusement for the lords of creation. This is plain from the First Book of Kings, where David, "hid in the hill of Hachila," and fleeing from the face of Saul, speaks of himself as being pursued, "as the partridge is hunted in the mountains" (xxvi. 20).

Ecclesiasticus says that the heart of the proud man is taken, "as the partridge is brought into the cage" (xi. 32). The Jewish manner of snaring partridges was probably not unlike our own way of catching singing-birds, the chuckling of the birds, and especially the frequent challenging note of the cocks—which, by-the-bye, earned for the partridge long ago the Hebrew name of *Kore*, or "the caller"—attracting their fellows to the trap. But these birds were also hunted with sticks, which were thrown at them as they flew low along the ground. Such a hunt might well inspire these words of Jeremias: "My enemies have chased me and caught me like a bird, without cause" (Lamentations iii. 52). Mark the words, "without cause"! The same Prophet also says: "As the partridge hath hatched eggs which she did not lay, so is he that hath gathered riches, and not by right: in the midst of his days he shall leave them, and in his latter end he shall be a fool" (xvii. 11). This sentence may be the origin of the Eastern saying that the partridge steals eggs to hatch them for herself; or, perhaps, we may take it as an indication that in Palestine, where we know the hen was not

a native, the partridge was domesticated, and was used for hatching, as we use the domestic hen to-day. How well the latter part of the sentence would apply to a hen with ducklings, as well as to the man who is fooled in his ill-gotten gains !

We usually think of the stork as a bird of passage ; and it is precisely as a bold Columbus of the air, as we have seen in the chapter on the swallow, that Holy Scripture refers to it. And with the stork our thoughts, like birds of passage, fly back to the Holy Land and to Him Who made it holy ; and there we see the bird wading in the shallows of His own Sea of Galilee To and fro it goes on its long, long voyages ; and, as in thought, we follow in its flight, and wonder at the wisdom that guides it through the air, we are filled with trust for ourselves in Him Who is "the Way," and can say with Bryant, in his beautiful poem, "To a Water-fowl":

He Who, from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

The tender care of the stork for its young is proverbial ; and the poets still recall the ancient belief that when the parent birds are old and unable to fly the young storks feed them in the nest, as they themselves were fed. Pity it is that such a thing of beauty cannot also be a joy for ever ! In his comedy of "The Birds," Aristophanes refers to this fiction, or rather this poetical fact, as we well may call it, as an example of filial duty ; for in birddom, such a practice is, he says, "an ancient law in the tablets of the storks." In several languages, ancient and modern, the stork's name means "kindness" or "affection," and may thus be the cause or the effect of that old belief which in many lands has made the bearer of it a bird of happy omen.

The stork is also mentioned in the second list of the birds that were unclean ; but, according to the Latin text, it is really the ibis that is meant, as in the earlier list in Leviticus. Isaias

also, as we shall see, speaks of the ibis, with the bittern, in his description of the desolation of Idumea. There are two kinds of ibis—both of which are mentioned by Herodotus—the black or glossy, and the white or sacred ibis. “Father Sickle-bill,” as the Egyptians call him, first came to be worshipped because it was thought there was something mysterious in his partial migration, as he came or went with the rise or fall of the Nile. So much, indeed, was thought of the bird, that while its form was found sculptured on the tomb without, it lay embalmed within ; and ibis-mummies have been found with the dead, full three thousand years old. The sacredness of the ibis, which, of course, would be well known to the Israelites from their long residence in Egypt, may have furnished a particular reason for its prohibition in the law of Moses as unclean, lest, perhaps, the Jews also should worship it. To this and such like practices of the heathen St. Paul evidently refers when, in his Epistle to the Romans, he reminds them of those who, “professing themselves to be wise, became fools ; and they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of birds ” (i. 22, 23).

The heron, that *Compleat Angler*, besides being mentioned in the eleventh chapter of Leviticus and the fourteenth of Deuteronomy, in the lists of birds that were unclean—in one or other of which, by the way, are also included, “every one in their kind,” all these “other birds,” except the partridge, and nearly all of them in both—is casually alluded to by Job in his famous passage on the ostrich. And, indeed, “the wings of the heron,” wings so large for so slender a body, are such as are calculated to attract the attention of even less patient observers of nature than he. The heronry also, that village in the sky, is pointed out to us by the Psalmist, when he sings : “The trees of the field shall be filled, and the cedars of Libanus which He hath planted : there the sparrows ” (or, perhaps, rather “the birds,” in general) “shall make their nests. The highest of them is the house of the heron ” (Ps. ciii. 16, 17).

And twice in the Bible, the beautiful bittern—a bird as solitary in his habits as his relatives, the heron and the stork, are sociable—is almost heard booming among his bulrushes, the symbol, nay, the very voice, of his native solitude. In the description of the desolation of Idumea, in the thirty-fourth chapter of Isaias, we read: "From generation to generation it shall lie waste, none shall pass through it for ever and ever. The bittern and ericius shall possess it; and the ibis and the raven shall dwell in it; and a line shall be stretched out upon it to bring it to nothing, and a plummet, unto desolation." And Sophonias, prophesying against Assyria, says that "the bittern and the urchin shall lodge in the threshold" of Ninive, the beautiful city (ii. 14.)

In illustration of these texts may be quoted the following remarks of Mudie on the home of the bittern. "It is a bird of rude nature," he says, "where the land knows no character save that which the untrained working of the elements impresses upon it; so that when any locality is in the course of being won to usefulness, the bittern is the first to depart, and when anyone is abandoned it is the last to return. 'The bittern shall dwell there' is the final curse, and implies that the place is to become uninhabited and uninhabitable. It hears not the whistle of the ploughman, nor the sound of the mattock; and the tinkle of the sheep-bell or the lowing of the ox (although the latter bears so much resemblance to its own hollow and dismal voice, that it has given foundation to the name) is a signal for it to be gone."

Those prophecies have long been history; and, as history repeats itself, so also may prophecy. The day may come when the bittern, now so scarce in England as to be but rarely heard, shall boom from his bulrushes on the banks of a clear-flowing Thames, in the ear of the wondering New Zealander, as he wends his way from the midst of that vast solitude—where, until the daylight failed him, he had stood "on a broken arch of

London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's"—making him address to the deserted city, as he still describes it in the distance, that couplet from one of his favourite poems "The Deserted Village":

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards his nest.

We come next to the cormorant, which we identify by its Latin and Hebrew names in the Bible, meaning "the diver," or, better still, by its Greek name, *catarrhactes* (from which our word "cataract" is derived), which denotes the bird's way of precipitating itself, like a torrent, upon its prey. The cormorant—"death's living arrow" to the fishes, as a poet calls it—is in its own element what the falcon is in the air. From time immemorial the Chinese have trained these birds to catch fish; and even in England, so late as the reign of Charles I., there was a "King's Master of the Cormorants." Though an aquatic bird, the cormorant sometimes perches on trees—a fact which seems to have been known to Milton; for in "Paradise Lost" we find the devil, devising death, sitting "like a cormorant" on the tree of life.

According to many scholars the vulture should by right play a more important rôle in the Bible than in our version in the vulgar tongue is assigned to it. This bird is not found in England at the present day; but is very common in Palestine and all the countries of the East. With "the vulture" in the lists of unclean birds is also mentioned, as though of a distinct species, the chief of its kind, "the griffon," or, as it is called in the second place, "the grype"; that is, to speak accurately, the griffon-vulture. It is this bird which is supposed to be meant rather than the eagle, in several of the passages from the Bible which we have already quoted in the chapter on the king of birds, wherein a carrion-bird (which the vulture nearly always is, but the eagle scarcely ever, if he can possibly help it) is

alluded to, and especially in that where Micheas, the Prophet, refers to some bird that was bald. In this connexion it may be noted that the Arabic name for the vulture is near akin to the original word in these controverted passages. The vulture is very remarkable everywhere for the keenness of its sight, its eye being so constructed as to assume at will the character of a telescope or a microscope. The Talmudists mention a proverb which says that a vulture in Babylon can see a carcass in Palestine. Job refers to this bird's great powers of sight, when, speaking of God's treasure-house in the bosom of the earth, where He keeps all His gold and precious stones, he says: "The stones of it are the place of sapphires, and the clods of it are gold: the bird hath not known the path, neither hath the eye of the vulture beheld it" (xxviii. 6, 7).

Isaias seems to refer to the pairing of the kites, when he says of a lonely and desolate place: "Thither are the kites gathered together one to another" (xxxiv. 15); and Jeremias recalls the kite as a bird of passage: "The kite in the air hath known her time" (viii. 7), going on to the sad contrast, "but my people have not known the judgment of the Lord." And Zacharias, in his vision of wickedness, saw "two women, and wind was in their wings, and they had wings like the wings of a kite" (v. 9).

In his thirty-ninth chapter Job speaks twice of the hawk; and therein, no doubt, as with us at the present day, the simple name denotes several kinds of these little bandits of the air, and probably the whole of the large falcon family. The hawk is twice catalogued as unclean; and in the latter list "the ring-tail" is added, a bird which we may safely identify with the hen-harrier, or ring-tailed hawk, though from the dark bars on the tail of the female bird the name is more properly given to her alone. After a passing allusion to "the wings of the hawk," we read in Job: "Doth the hawk wax feathered by thy wisdom, spreading her wings to the South?" in which question God reminds the

holy man, and us through him, of His own wisdom made manifest in the wonderful instinct of the birds of passage. The words, we may remark, seem to point to the first migration of the young birds, at which time the longing for the South, the following of that new, irresistible feeling, strikes the fancy more forcibly than ever afterwards. In the South of Europe and in parts of Asia the hawks are migratory, though they are not in these countries; and travellers in the Bible lands have seen them going South in the late September, not in large flocks, like so many other migrants, but, as is their wont, like the robins, one by one. Falconry, which is practised in Palestine at the present day, was a sport pursued also in days of old, if we mistake not the meaning of Baruch, where, showing that the great ones of the earth pass away, he asks: "Where are the princes of the nations, and they that rule over the beasts that are upon the earth, that take their diversion with the birds of the air?" (iii. 16, 17). The osprey, or fishing-hawk, also appears, as is natural, in the lists of the unclean birds: it is found on the coasts of Palestine and on the shores of the Sea of Galilee.

But now "the moping owl does to the moon complain" of being left out in the cold so long, and of being not yet enumerated among the many birds of the Bible. Poor outcast from bird society, the owl is no outcast from the care of the great All-Father, nor is excluded even from the Word of God! "The twilight-bird," as its original Bible name very aptly means, is twice called unclean; and in Leviticus, "the screech-owl"—that is, our barn or white owl, so remarkable for its weird cry—is specially referred to. It is probably this same species that Isaias alludes to in his description of the desolation of Babylon, when he says: "Owls shall answer one another there, in the houses thereof, and sirens in the temples of pleasure" (xiii. 21). And Jeremias, in the epistle he wrote to his countrymen about to be led captive to that same Babylon, to warn them against

its idolatries, says of its idols that "Owls, and swallows, and other birds fly upon their bodies and upon their heads" (Baruch vi. 21). The bringing together of the owl and the swallow in this place reminds me that in "Love's Meinie," Mr. Ruskin maintains that these birds—the one the bright particular lover of the sunshine, the other the weird wooer of the darkness of the night—are really relations; and referring to the nesting-places of the chimney-swallow and the sand-martin, he says of the swallow that "it never forgets its fellowship with night." Relations! and they seem to know it not: like us who forget that we are, all of us, brothers and sisters, the children alike of one father on earth and one Father in Heaven.

"The porphyryion," or purple water-hen, whose relatives here at home are so well known to us, is also one of God's birds. This bird is very conspicuous in the marshy places of Palestine as, like the swift and silent Indian in his snow-shoes speeding over the snow, and on the same principle as he, it moves over the floating leaves of the water-lilies. I like to think that the following fact from the natural history of our common water-hen is not without its application to the porphyryion. This bird has, it is said, three broods in the season; and it is curious to observe that, on the appearance of the second batch of fledgelings, the first assist the parent birds in feeding them and hovering over them, leading them out in detached parties, and making additional nests for them similar to the old. Good little brothers and sisters! One would almost think there was on them from the great Parent's hand some touch of the human. I remember how once, long ago, when a new little brother arrived, my childish mind, troubled for a moment with visions of the difficulties of domestic economy, wondered how *we* were going to support him. It is the young water-hen's commendable conduct which makes me acknowledge so late in life that touch of the inhuman.

And what bird precisely is the purple water-hen's neigh-

bour, "the charadrion," in the lists of unclean birds—that is the question. Biblical scholars are by no means agreed as to the answer. It is as though we had for the first time found two nests exactly alike and in exactly similar places: we know that these must belong to the same kind of bird, but of what particular kind it is we have not the least idea. The etymology of the original Hebrew name would seem to denote that the bird in question breathed hard and, perhaps, hissed, or was irascible; so some have said it is "the goose," and some have said it is rather "the parrot." As for us, we may range and guess just as we like between these two, the north pole and the south in the world of birds.

Now, last but not least of the birds of the Bible, comes the bird of the beautiful crest, "the hoop," or rather, hoopoe, so called, like the cuckoo, from the curious cry it utters. This bird is quite common in France, and is still found also in the Holy Land; but its visits to our shores are "like angels' visits, few and far between"—so few, indeed, that we may be sure the Angels come much more frequently. The name of this bird always brings back to me the legend that is told of it, with its lesson of content. It is said that once, when Solomon was dying from the great heat, on a journey through the desert, the hoopoes came in large numbers and flew as a cloud between him and the sun, moving as he moved along: a story that recalls the beautiful assurance given by Isaias: "As birds flying, so will the Lord of hosts protect Jerusalem, protecting and delivering, passing over and saving" (xxxix. 5). As a reward for this great service in his hour of need, Solomon bade the birds ask for whatever boon they most of all desired, and he would grant it to them; but they, doing in this as their betters would have done, begged to be allowed to wear for ever from that day a golden crown like the King's own crown. But soon the fowlers pursued the hoopoes and killed them for the sake of their golden crowns, until a time came when but few of these birds were left. These,

poor survivals of the unfittest, repenting of their covetousness, came back to the King and besought him that for the future they might wear only a crown of feathers. If you doubt the story, you have only to look well at the next hoopoe you meet, and you will see that, mindful of his people's olden glory, he bends and bows, raising and lowering his crest, admiring himself in the looking-glass of every pool of water. The nest of the hoopoe is beautifully made, but has a very bad smell; and, altogether, in spite of his beautiful crest and fine-looking house, and all the rest of it, this bird has but an evil reputation: which things, indeed, are an allegory.

But, perhaps, the most curious thing about the birds of the Bible is that our little friend, the bat—whom so many of us love so much at a distance—mammal as he is, should be classed with these, and not with his cousin, the mouse, in the lists of the animals that were condemned as unclean by the Mosaic law. Spenser and Scott, and others of our poets, follow the example of this complimentary classification. When evening twilight gathers down and every respectable bird is hushed to rest, with his head beneath his wing, the bat, proving there *is* something in his old Hebrew name, *hatalaph*, or “the night-flier,” and seemingly forgetful of the misgivings that the sunlight always brings, sallies forth as if to assert his true position in the world accorded to his family in the Book of Books so long ago. With all the darkling heaven for his own he wings his giddy flight above our heads, the swallow of the night. And how he does look down upon his poor relations, the mice, as he sees them, in the moonlight of some warm eve of the late September, nibbling at the ungarnered gold of the white harvest-fields! Poor little upstart; one would almost think that, in spite of all his secrecy, he had not escaped man's blighting influence! But, seeing in the Bible how the sacred writer, under the inspiration of God, has counted the bat among the number of His birds—in the last place, indeed, but still among the birds—where by his nature he cannot

claim to come, far other thoughts at times will come to me ; and, as I think, I am made happy in the hope that, not as strict justice demands, but as God's great mercy is wont to grant, the recording Angel, by the same Divine breath inspired, will write my name somewhere in the pages, though it should be in the very last place, of the Book of Life.

JOHN PRIESTMAN.

(To be concluded next month.)

"In White Garments."

YOU were young and brave
And fair in men's sight.
They streaked you for the grave
In a garment of white :
Your smile was sweet, they said,
When you were lying dead.

And were you glad to go,
O my heart, O my dear ?
The North Wind brings the snow
And Winter's long down here ;
And you are very far
In lands where roses are.

I yearned so for your sake
Lying dead in your youth ;
My heart was like to break
For pity and for ruth :
And the world's a changed place
Without your eyes and face.

A young man clad in white.
I think of him who told

"In White Garments."

The tidings of delight
To the women of old :
" He is arisen again,"
O, Easter healeth pain !

A young man clad in white.
" I am the Life," One saith
Who broke with hands of might
The bitter bonds of death.
Amen ! Lord Jesus dear,
The Easter-time draws near.

Now summon from the dead
This young man clad in white,
Like him who comforted
The women by daylight.
Thy garden's fair to see—
Lord, let him walk with Thee !

There's a delicate time of hope
When Easter comes and Spring,
And the pink buds will ope
And birds begin to sing ;
But Winter's slow to go,
And the North Wind brings snow.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

About the Book of Job.

THE amount of criticism bestowed on the literature of the Bible in this century is altogether unparalleled. Some people lament because the only end this criticism seems to have attained, or is like to obtain, is one of marked hostility to many dogmas which we, as Catholics, are bound to maintain. But we think it argues a want of spiritual insight not to discern in this movement a factor for good since this perpetual questioning of the relations between God and man plainly indicates that religion is not something alien to our nature—that God and man cannot be divorced. If this movement gives us clearer conceptions of our relative positions in the mysterious dispensations of grace, if we are brought to see God more clearly by knowing Revelation more truly, this gain is ours and the acquisition of such an end holy.

Can the human race dispense with a revealed religion? The answer comes from the greatest intellects of the century—"No." Lessing, Jacobi, Kant, Schelling, Hegel, Fichte, and Herder, all in substance admit our inability to dispense with that higher knowledge poured out upon us by God. Carlyle, who for so many years stood before the British public as purveyor of German thought, continually insisted upon the independence of ethics; but we are not aware that he ever told us of the final positions which Kant and Fichte felt bound to assume on this question.

It is well known that Kant, though in his early writings he insisted on the independence of ethics, ultimately admitted, though indirectly, that they *did* need the aid of religion. Indeed, his doctrine concerning the moral sanction differs little from the famous Bishop Butler's, though it differs as to the medium whereby that sanction is expressed in the world.

Hegel, who had a far truer historic concept than Kant, drew the logical conclusion from the premiss so clearly laid down by that great philosopher, and insisted that the basis of freedom, which is the foundation of morality, was to be found in the Christian religion only. "It is in the Christian religion alone," he says, "that the basis of a general and progressive freedom is to be found" (Encyclopedia, 1817).

Fichte is more emphatic when he declares that our capacity to participate in the liberty of the sons of God is possessed indeed by us; but we have no power to claim it as a birthright, or impart to others that freedom, that union with God. It belonged to Christ not as an ideal, not as a lofty aim such as we possess it, but as His birthright; and, until time expires, all who come to God must come through Him. This, in substance, is Fichte's teaching in the fourth volume of his "*Staatslehre*," and demonstrates clearly the necessity for the revelation of a higher character and code than the philosophers thought themselves capable of educing from their own principles of reason.

It is not our business to discuss the peculiar theological notions of these men. They are to us but an expression of the insufficiency of reason to complete the life of man even here in a manner commensurate with his wants. It is useless to argue that reason is sufficient for the natural man. Where is that man? He is a creation, not of God, but of the scientific brain, a quantity unknown to history. The man with whom history concerns itself is one with far larger wants than natural Theism can possibly satisfy.

What these philosophers have drawn out, in the matter of

Revelation, is not something knew, but it needed to be insisted upon. They, more than any other teachers, have made us recognise that Revelation is not merely the manifestation of a state wherein intelligent existence is prolonged and carried on to higher expressions of its being. They have made us look at the positive and personal side of Revelation, though that Revelation itself was accepted by them in a sense far otherwise than it is by us.

Revelation has too often been paraded as something the sole object of which is to beget a sense of sin. The spiritual archery of many Christian teachers has been too often directed to this dark "bull's-eye"; their teaching almost exclusively negative, and the consequence is that the bulk of men who do observe the Commandments are supposed to make it a matter rather of interested egoism than a generous expression of duty. Of personal disinterested obligations to cultivate the best and highest powers of the soul, many professed Christians have not the least idea; and yet to our thinking these sins of omission are far greater than many of the offences men are continually committing against the Commandments. To beget a sense of sin is not the only message of Revelation. We must cultivate that religious bias of the mind which makes holiness something altogether personal, and which neglects no power of the soul. This movement has made us see in Revelation the manifestation of a truth which the world was beginning to recognise by another medium, viz., that to serve God we must not rely too much on external aids. Man is not a machine, he is a growth, and accordingly he must assimilate external helps into his being, if they are to build up his life. To give men a set of laws to which externally they conform, but which they have never assimilated into their own beings, begets a set of fanciful *non-egos*. Better the honest and real though mistaken efforts of a man who tries to seek God with earnestness than a life levelled down to that respectable lethargy from which the breath of God

is unable to arouse it, because it has found out the secret of satisfying the five senses with a due regard to external propriety. Every effort, whether of the individual soul or of social or intellectual movements, which tends to bring man nearer to God is holy, and merits our approbation. New needs demand new helps, and woe to those men who deliberately either push back that energy which seeks God on the one hand, or curtail Christian freedom on the other. Cardinal Newman says somewhere in his lectures on the "Idea of a University," that a rubric or something that was useful to guide us yesterday may be a heresy to-day, so true is it that obsolete means and the narrow dogmatism of unofficial irresponsible religious faddists may become the greatest adversaries of the God they wish to uphold. A generous consideration, therefore, of every endeavour which men make to approach nearer to God is our duty. The result we need not fear. To stifle the aspirations of the soul we are unable—use them we must.

The criticism to which the Book of Job has been subjected during the last fifty years has been mainly negative. But on looking through the last ten years' publications on this book one has need to rejoice; for, though negative in form they are compelled to give confirmatory evidence to everything which we as Catholics need claim. If some old prejudices, born of ignorance, have been swept away, why repine? They had nothing to recommend them but their age. But age, if it be not adorned with truth, is unlovely, and when it becomes an obstacle to truth must be ignored.

This book is one of the most wonderful compositions on the canon. Herein are to be found sublime faith and audacious blasphemy, the doubtings of the sceptic, the enthusiasm of the fanatic. The perfect expression of the human element never leaves us. Every sentence makes us vibrate with an intensity of moral feeling scarcely equalled elsewhere. At one time the speaker is in revolt, at another bowed down in adoration. But

notwithstanding the contradiction we feel the reality of the picture ; for it is but an expression of the mind's contradiction, now leaning on itself, now bounding over those moral lacunæ to be found in the consciousness of every soul, until at last it veils itself in the presence of the insoluble mystery of the universe.

The state of mind manifested by the author in the poem would seem to argue that it was written at a time of great religious perplexity, when men's questionings were then as now, "How to justify the ways of God to men." To solve this question the inspired author has conceived the happy expedient of bringing before us the representatives of the highest wisdom then known—the Themanite in order that the sequel may demonstrate the weakness of human reason in presence of this question. Eliphaz, Baldad, and Sophar are introduced as the defenders of that system of the moral world which in ancient times was based upon the dogma of immediate temporal rewards and punishments. The good man was supposed to live long in the land which the Lord his God gave him ; the wicked man died before his time. If the Jews observed God's commands, the Pentateuch told them they would prosper and would overcome their enemies ; if they disobeyed they would be punished by temporal evils and delivered up to their foes.

Whatever might be said in defence of this principle it could not be laid down as absolute. To begin with, Job felt that in his own person he was a refutation of this theory. That he was guiltless before God he knew, and yet evils oppressed him. His friends will not believe in his innocence and, as was but natural, look upon his theory of God's moral government as the vain thoughts of a defeated man who wishes to excogitate some theory in order to defend himself. They insist upon this : that God's visitations could only come because of sin, and delicately hint that it need not be public in order to receive such punishment. They ply him with orthodox commonplace ; but

the fact of his conscious rectitude remains, and the narrow formulæ in which he had been taught to recognise God in His dealings with men break down, as they ever must do when the fictions of men, excogitated by an arbitrary dogmatism, are made to contradict experience.

When the action of the poem opens we see and feel that Job admits nothing between himself and God. God, indeed, resides primarily in the soul ; all else are but helps to build up its life. And when those aforesaid unofficial, irresponsible helps step forward, asking us (as did Job's comforters) to admit that to be a truth which in our conscience we feel to be a falsehood, they are transformed from Angels of light into the ministers of darkness, stretching out unholy hands to extinguish the sacred fires enkindled on the altar of the soul by God.

The tact with which the action of the poem proceeds is remarkable. These "three friends" are not introduced as so many set-offs to Job's integrity ; they are really great and good men, who at all events at the outset were animated by an earnestness of purpose begotten of conviction, and whose simple purpose is to argue Job out of his obstinacy. Eliphaz opens his speech in a sweet, pathetic way, striving his utmost to spare the feelings of the sufferer : all is indefinite and unapplied. He describes the order of the world and God's dealings therewith, and leaves Job to draw his own conclusions. One after the other the friends take the same position, emphasised somewhat as the action proceeds. All their arguments were commonplace to Job ; he knew everything they alleged as well and better than they. But Job had outgrown these theological platitudes, and the insistency with which they were dinned into his ears makes him now unjust to his friends, and he attributes their desire to make him confess that he has sinned rather to their obstinacy and want of heart than to their blindness ; and though he somewhat repents of his accusation—"Do ye reprove words?"—still he emphatically rejects their argument when they ask him to believe

that he and all mankind are evil before God. Job knew one reality—that he had honestly striven to serve God; he knew that he who seeks God with honesty cannot be condemned, and this was Job's initiation to God. To know truth is the initiation of the soul to God, and a truth once felt and boldly proclaimed is at once our duty and our right. With this conviction born of an upright conscience he will not lay aside his claim on God in deference to his friends.

Surely there is here, in the position which Job assumes, a condemnation of that morbid Calvinistic asceticism which is incessantly proclaiming that there is no good in man. Till men learn to see that there is an intrinsic goodness even in what theologians call the fallen nature of man, that the supernatural has no meaning till we recognise the natural good within us, we shall continue to amuse ourselves by running up scaffolding without ever once attempting to lay the foundation of a solid structure. For vainly will he strive to understand the working of God within him who understands not first himself.

There is something sublime in the audacious obstinacy and firm faith of Job. As the struggle increases he would fain rid himself of existence. The words of well-meant condolence have become to him a hideous mockery, when [he sees that his friends are unable to understand him, and attribute to him things of which he had ever been incapable. The very ones who had come to comfort him now become the greatest source of sorrow—of such contradictions is life composed. The wild gusts of passion which sweep across his heart-strings, when he is thus deserted, produce the most fantastic music; but it is a music which finds an echo in every heart, because so truly does it express the passions of life.

It has been urged that Job's speeches lead to nothing; that, as far as the argument is concerned, it is not advanced one step, up to the twenty-second or twenty-third chapter.

True, there is no trenchant system of philosophy here which,

like a mighty god, rears itself into absolutism, and professes to inflict silence on all who oppose it. Systems of this nature have done more to throw the world into a harsh mould than all the crime of which man is the author. But the Book of Job is full of truly human philosophy. What he proposes to himself is just that before which every thinker is uneasy, and which extends into unimagined depths of infinity. Before the Being of beings he halts, but his philosophy is a little deeper and truer than Faust's when standing before the loom of time. His profession of faith is not that which was repeated by Goethe's hero: "Learn to know thyself, with me thou hast no part." Though God be incomprehensible, Job sees sufficient to know that He has some indissoluble connexion with man and life, though life itself be very much a mystery.

The fundamental law of the universe we grasp rather by faith than reason. Here and there we see it in its incidence on things, but it eludes our grasp when we would follow out its course, for it leads us deeper and deeper into the bosom of infinity. We see the mystery around and within us; but it is shallow philosophy because, forsooth, we cannot grasp the whole, not to recognise the realities of conscience, the eternal aspirations of the heart, the affirmations of the moral sentiment, the testimony of reality. In the presence of mystery from which no one can escape, it is our highest duty to hold on to what we know; for it is a want of moral life only which can throw the most ennobling qualities of heart and mind to the winds because we cannot see clearly whither we are being led. The great and noble minds of the world are for ever standing in the presence of foes, subtle and dark; and Job's constancy to the realities within him manifests a true philosophy, though it be expressed in no rigid formulæ or deduced by rules of logic.

The faith of Job's friends was an impossibility; it could no longer be sustained. The old order of civilisation was dying away, and with it the theory of immediate rewards and punish-

ments. God had moved forward, and with Him the human race. The wicked died full of days and were carried with honour to the tomb; but the good were trampled upon, they died before their time, and the manner of their death was ignominious. The temptation which Job felt in presence of this mystery is so human—"Curse God and live." But each new temptation overcome was a step nearer light, till at last he reached that stage of consciousness in which heresy becomes, in presence of the clearer vision of God, impossible, and dogmas have something more than a merely human message to the intellect, so completely has the life of the soul been built thereon. "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from iniquity, that is understanding." No knowledge is superior to this which Job gained from his temptations. With aching heart and loathsome body, with his feet standing upon the wreck of his fortunes, he could still lift up his brow unabashed in the sight of friend and foe, though he could not demonstrate his innocence. It is this very helplessness of Job that makes this poem one of the most sublime expositions of the soul tortured by its questionings and acting according to its lights in the turmoil and contradictions which the revelations of the macrocosm incessantly beget.

It has been suggested that had Job a knowledge of the soul's immortality, the argument would not end so unsatisfactorily. God appears, but only to deepen the mystery. "My eye beholdeth Thee," says Job, "that is why I withdraw." He knew that God was, therefore the issues of a righteous life were safe. But there is no suggestion as to how equity will be vindicated.

If by this is meant that Job had no *notion* of the soul's immortality, then we deny it. If, however, it means that he had no knowledge of that truth in the philosophic sense in which we are wont to view it, then we see nothing much at which to take exception.

We may say, generally, that the patriarchal religion gives very

little evidence of this truth. Indeed, it is impossible to bring any direct text from the Pentateuch itself which incontrovertibly establishes this dogma. The *Sheol* of the Jews argues very little to our mind. They possessed it in common with all other nations, and it seems to us analogous to the *Manes* of the earlier Greeks and Latins; and in what sense the pagan populace held the immortality of the soul is evident from the way they received the teaching of Socrates. The confession of this truth was an instinctive expression of the mind's faith, a truth believed in rather implicitly than explicitly. What is really meant when it is said that Job had no notion of the soul's immortality is that this truth was not such an appreciable factor in determining the morals of those times as was the sanction derived from temporal rewards and punishments. No one can fail to see that this is the sanction which is insisted upon again and again in the Pentateuch, while that derived from the after life is all but ignored. True, indirect evidence for this truth we have in abundance when read in the light of the Gospel; but then we must remember that all men have not had that light to guide them. That a body of the Jews such as the Sadducees should have denied this truth altogether, and yet have not been excommunicated, is plain evidence that the Jews did not think it dogmatically established, even though it be true that the body of the nation rejected these Sadducean teachers. Indeed, St. Paul himself rejoices that one of the things made clear by our Divine Lord is "immortality" (2 Tim. i. 10).

Still, though this be true, it is no argument for saying that Job and the Jews had no notion of the soul's immortality. In this respect—at all events, during the Mosaic period—they were very similar to the rest of the intellectual world: for we must remember that God—if we may reverently use the term—is in revelation conditioned by the mind of man. The chief thing to be brought to the consciousness of the race in its childhood was this truth, that God was the rewarder of good deeds and

the punisher of evil ones. This the Jews applied to their immediate experience of what was good and evil. God is not wont to work miracles on the mind of man that it may have a plenary knowledge of the principle inculcated. The mind first feels the want before the truth which was to satisfy it was placed on a dogmatic basis. Dogmatic revelation comes to man, in many instances more in the nature of a complement to his knowledge than an originating principle. Revelation, like everything else, is subject to the law of orderly progression; and time had to elapse before the wider application of this principle, experienced by Job, was even felt by the race at large.

There is no closely knit action in this poem such as one discovers in the classical authors of Greece and Rome. At first sight this seems a contradiction; for some of the movements are so masterly, some of the turns in the argument such exquisite touches of genius, that one scarce likes to admit that a mind so masterful could perpetrate those brusque turns, and destroy logical sequence by the introduction of a flaccid discourse which adds nothing to the general action of the poem and mars the beauty of the whole.

Some have attributed these violent ruptures in the argument to the blundering of the copyists. But whatever may be said by men like De Wette, Ewald, Bernstein, and others on this theory of interpolation, it is insufficient to convince us that the argument of the poem was ever very much different from what we find it at present.

To begin with: this theory of interpolation has very little to support it. The Septuagint agrees almost word for word with the Hebrew, and the only way of arriving at a conclusion on this point is by getting a manuscript anterior to the date when the present reading was fixed; a thing to our minds not altogether to be despaired of. We think there always will be certain lacunæ in the action of the poem which would have been impossible to a Greek or Roman. In arriving at any conclusion

on this point one has to consider the nature of the Semitic intellect. It was anything but what we call logical. Its philosophy was parabolic, and this in itself would seem to make any sustained strain of thought disjointed. The early Semitic literatures, with which anyone may now become acquainted, thanks to the English and French translators, give no example of a lyric drama such as those with which Greece and Rome have furnished us. The poem itself is made up rather of a series of vivid intuitions, and this kind of composition must, therefore, represent violent transitions. Though we are far from saying that our conclusion is right, we must say that it seems natural that such violent ruptures should occur, notwithstanding the concentrated passion and energy and genius discoverable in the poem, which make it peerless among the early Semitic literatures.

It is again argued that the Prologue and Epilogue come from another hand.

They certainly are in striking contrast with the poem itself. In these Job is represented to us as a model of patience, in the poem he is a humanly impatient man. There is a remarkable surprise in store for anyone after reading the Prologue, to find himself immediately confronted with such a plaint as that with which the poem opens. In the Epilogue God gives Job credit for having spoken well of him, while in the poem he is upbraided for his singular levity.

We mention these things because such small arguments have been often thought sufficient to incline men's judgment in a negative direction. To ourselves we confess such arguments seem trivial. It must be remembered that the Prologue and Epilogue are dealing with the general features of the poem, and not with the particular incidents of the action; just as an exordium deals in a general way with the subject it introduces. It would not, therefore, have represented Job as other than patient, and God in the Epilogue could not but praise a man who on the whole had spoken well of Him.

There is a school of critics, and M. Vatke is the most prominent among them, which has an extreme tendency to rejuvenate all the books on the canon of Scripture. Whatever may be said about the success in other works, in this one the achievements have not been remarkable. The hypothesis upon which these critics build is very nebulous, and their conclusions so unsubstantial that the acceptance of their theory would make far larger demands on our faith than the older one which makes this book one of the oldest compositions on the canon.

A claim is made and admitted that the author was a Jew; and, indeed, the language is such as to make the opposite contention worthless. M. Vatke places this Jewish composition in the time of the Persian domination the century before our era; but the later he makes the composition, the greater difficulty we have in accepting his conclusion.

There is, to begin with, quite a different tone in the literature after the Captivity from that which prevailed before that period. After that epoch we can trace, as was but natural, an affinity with Greek and Persian thought rather than the Themanite which had previously dominated the life of Israel. Now the Book of Job bears all the marks of the early shade of thought and none whatever of the latter.

Add to this that the author has so successfully obscured Jewish habits and beliefs, that he never once puts a sentiment into the Patriarch's mouth which is not perfectly compatible with the patriarchal age in which the action of the poem is cast, and we get a literary phenomenon such as neither Greece nor Rome can produce. For where did the author learn historic retrospect? It is the same with history as with painting. In the early efforts of men to depict things on canvas they had no notion of perspective. The daisy three hundred yards off glared at you with the self-same proportions as the one at your feet. It took time before men learnt this art: and so with history. The ideas, customs, and habits of a hero removed from the writer by hun-

dreds of years were maladroitly represented by dragging him into the year in which the author wrote and tricking him out in the impossible intellectual paraphernalia of the historian. We have heard of a mystery play, called "Adam and Eve," having been represented in a Wesleyan chapel somewhere in Cornwall, in which Adam walked on to the stage in the costume of the nineteenth century, and Eve, of course, instead of glorying in her hair, gloried in a bonnet of the latest fashion. The incongruity is not more startling than are many incongruities perpetrated by the ancient historians when they have to represent an age removed from them by some hundreds of years. Josephus has a very faint notion of this pre-requisite for a historian; nor is this to be wondered at, seeing that Titus Livius has almost as shadowy a sentiment as he. To suppose that some unknown Jew wrote with such perfect retrospect the history of a time from which he was removed by a new phase of civilisation, while this intellectual qualification had not yet dawned upon the intellect of Greece and Rome, and that in the mind of this Jew it suddenly reaches a perfection which has never been surpassed, is a huge demand on our faith. The laws of nature are pretty general in their application, and Greece and Rome had quite as much an opportunity for developing their minds as ever Israel had. But they had to wait the ordinary course of evolution before they attained this perfection, and so likewise had the Jew. Therefore we can see no reason for admitting that such miracles of human genius as M. Vatke would now and then ask us to accept flourished—if we may use the paradox—with such sporadic consistency, that he might cull them whenever it suited the exigency of his argument. The nature of the poem, therefore, would incline us to believe that it was written at a time when patriarchal life was still fresh in the mind of Israel.

Concerning the age of this composition we can arrive at no conclusion other than that very general one just expressed. Ewald, who is a great authority, decides that the author

must have been contemporaneous with Jeremiah. But his conclusion is derived from conjecture, which for so great an authority is of very flimsy texture. What seems to us certain is that it must have been completed some time before the prophetic period. The Prophets were immersed in the present. They saw sin and shame all round them, and the glory of Israel falling into ruins. It is a period of fierce denunciation, in which earnest endeavour is made to uphold the established order of things. Such a time is certainly uncongenial for the sifting of these broad problems with which the Book of Job concerns itself. It is this, coupled with what we said before, that inclines us to make this composition one of the oldest on the canon. The older exegetes who maintained this conclusion founded their opinion on a premiss which we cannot accept. Seeing that there was scarcely any vestige of Mosaism, they concluded that the composition was anterior to the Mosaic period. But this contention, alone and unsupported, is scarcely sufficient for such a conclusion, seeing that a whole class of Hebrew literature would be equally argued out of Mosaic influence; for the same contention applies to Proverbs, the Canticle of Canticles, and many Psalms, and this for reasons which we cannot now enter into.

Herder denies the reality of Job's existence, and makes it a mere Arabic legend. We cannot see what reason he has for his conclusion; but even if it were, we see nothing contrary to any Church teaching by granting the contention. God can teach as well by parable and legend as by historic fact, so long as the Spirit of Life is truly expressed, and urged the writer in his narrative. Certainly no modern critic contends that Job's career was anything like the sketch which has come down to us. The personality of some great man has evidently been seized upon and made heroic by the author of the composition. Herder's idea seems to have arisen from the fact that the author's wisdom is distinctly Arabic.* Certainly, as we have said, it is tinged very

slightly with that distinctive Mosaic wisdom which gave the Hebrews a peculiar mission, and their literature a singular excellence. It is anything but Mosaic. It more nearly approximates to the old *Beni Kedim* philosophy than anything else. Surely it is nothing derogatory to the sacred books to say that most of their teaching is made up of the best and highest wisdom to which the children of men have at times given utterance. No one but the advocates of a "*Deus ex Machina*" would contend that the sacred books must contain no thoughts which had previously been realised in the soul's life. The sacred writers were wont to avail themselves of all sources of information. The doctrine of life and other matters will not imply that they originally emanated from the sacred penman. If Moses could incorporate whole pages of compositions written by other hands, after the manner of Livy and Polybius, so might the wisdom of life be incorporated in everything that emanated from the authors of these compositions. We do not doubt that the author of the Book of Job borrowed much of his wisdom from the Idumean tribe of Teman, for it is scarcely an accident to find that all the interlocutors belonged to that tribe, so celebrated for its wisdom.

It is an arbitrary fiction to suppose that the knowledge of the true God and his dealings with mankind were monopolised by that fragment of the human race which fell under the influence of the patriarchs mentioned in Scripture. Many there were in whose souls the Spirit of Life burned as brightly and potently as in the bosoms of the patriarchs. The Revelation of God was universal, and the knowledge which it brought to mankind was not blotted out by the call of Abraham. Indeed, Abraham himself is a witness of one formed under extra-patriarchal influence. His knowledge of God was formed in his family and among his people. The same argument might be adduced from the opinion of some of our Catholic exegetes, who contend that Moses wrote this book in order to teach the intolerant race of which he had become the leader that God could be

served faithfully by others who had not their helps in religious matters. The very acceptance of this composition by the great synagogue is also a confirmatory argument. For certainly Job is not a Jew; and, indeed, so foreign is the whole work in tone and sentiment to anything Jewish, that with one or two exceptions it is scarcely ever quoted by any other of the canonical books. It remained to the Jews an enigma till the true light which it heralded rose upon the world in the person of Christ.

It is the glory of the patriarchs, not that they were the only recipients of Revelation, or that their election by God thereby put the rest of the race outside the light of God's light; but that they were the founders of a nation which held on to the monotheistic conception of God, while the others gradually receded therefrom. With Titan tenacity this Jewish race progressed along the line of its moral consciousness, whilst it left the other nations immersed in the study of their arts, their physics, their astronomy. One only conception held Israel: how best to realise life in its connexion with Jahve. In the line of teachers which arose in Israel we see the progress of this moral consciousness, and admire the simple working of God among men. Each Prophet succeeds in making a truer revelation of God to the nation until at last that principle of retrograde which in some form or the other is found in every society, lays hold of the nation, and hardens its moral life into the rigid formulæ and arrogant dogmatism of Scribes and Rabbis.

God never imposes rigidity on any of the works to be fulfilled and carried to perfection by the mind of man. The mind is a synthesis, and must for ever accumulate the experience of ages. The sacred dogmas of our faith are handed down to us as so many centres round which the experience of ages grows; but it is worse than useless, as Père Gratry remarks, to repeat those dogmas in language not understood by each generation, which must incessantly ask anew their meaning. St. Paul's dictum declaring that to some were given the gift of interpretation,

was surely not a thing confined to the Apostolic Church. Needs similar demand similar gifts.

Ewald and some French critics seem to enjoy the primitive ideas which Job and Jahve express when they would build up the cosmogony. Many of the ideas are scarcely those which a poet of to-day would use. But, apart from this, their merriment is caused by the idea of God's interfering with the world at all. There was an old superstition which saw God immediately behind everything: there is a modern one which will not see Him anyhow in anything. The former was excusable. It arose from an infantile habit of mind and ignorance—that fruitful parent of superstition. This we condemn as well as they. There is and can be nothing arbitrary or fickle in God or in His dealings with His creatures. God in one sense is absolute law, for law is the expression of truth, and God is Absolute Truth. The more science lays bare the mechanism of nature and its mode of evolution the clearer becomes the fact that an all-pervading purpose and influence was guiding those complex pieces of machinery, by which the cosmos was formed, was moving in and out among the clanging of the wheels, and weaving its own pattern on the loom of life. What a waste of energy, what a purposeless expenditure of force, must the primary constitution of things have appeared to an intellect bounded as ours. One order of things succeeded another, as now one force obtained the mastery, now another. And yet we see that in and out and roundabout was the eternal law of progress at work, which has resulted in this beautiful world, with its soft landscapes, its sublime mountain grandeur, its pathetic dawns and gorgeous sunsets. Laugh as men may at Job's cosmogony, it is truer than the modern one which builds it up from an effect for which it cannot assign a cause; and Job's faith in the after life and its results was truer and more reasonable than a cold negation begotten of pride. May our life not be in its elemental stage yet? We are still waiting for the "revelation of

the sons of God." We shall one day know even as we are known, and may that knowledge not show us that our vision of life here was derived from viewing life on the wrong side? What our life is we cannot say. That we have but an incomplete notion of it and its meaning is evident; for we are now only just beginning painfully to define ourselves. But whatever knowledge of ourselves we shall ultimately arrive at, we doubt whether any knowledge will be superior to that acquired by Job. The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from iniquity, that is understanding. *Duty* is the great word which the Spirit of the Macrosm speaks to us from the whirlwind of our doubts and difficulties. There has been one attempt to imitate Job in his wrestling perplexities with existence, and that has been made by Faust. Unlike Job, he falls; and his better nature, which was never really at home amidst the haunts of vice, at last saves him. The difference between the two heroes is perfectly logical. Faust practically looks not beyond himself for a guide, Job acknowledges the reality of God's authority among men, and the world must slowly drift back to this the only possible solution of the doubts of life. The mission of that authority in the world is not yet clearly seen—it perhaps is not yet comprehended fully by the entirety of that organism through which it is expressed. Life will not be built up by that individualism which, to say truth, is nothing more than a distorted form of selfish egoism, which ministers to pride and self-conceit, and which is making of life nothing but an empty protestation of its consecration to what selfishness conceives to be the highest and best. Nor will it be found in that theory of Froude's which, logically expressed, is Absolutism. God's government of the world is never expressed by sheer force. The recognition of His authority is the recognition of a guide.

Systems in abundance have been given us as the professed guides of our journey; but they have passed away or are destined to pass away. There is but one system which satisfies the

spontaneous and ineradicable desires of the heart, and that is Christianity, which is still without a rival, and, though rejected, is not refuted. It more than any other system leads men to recognise the real secret of life. It has all the qualities of absolute truth, for you can never exhaust it or its meaning; like an ever widening circle, it is always beyond you. Men can never outgrow it. They are relative, it is the manifestation of the absolute. The secrets of life given to some unknown Jew at an unknown epoch, and expressed in the immortal poem called Job, is given to us again in the Revelation, which he anticipated, though expressed in other words: "This is life, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent."

FATHER ALPHONSUS, O.S.F.C.

*The Story of a Conversion.**(Continued from p. 244.)*

CHAPTER XI. THE DOCTRINE OF GEHENNA.

CORRELATIVE with the development among the Jews of the doctrine we have been examining of an *anastasis* of the Saints and of a kingdom of theirs along with the holy Angels and under the Messiah, was the development of the counter-doctrine of a Gehenna or hell for the lost, along with the evil Angels, and with a resurrection and judgment to condemnation. The earliest passages of the Hebrew and Aramaic Scriptures in which this is distinctly and specifically set forth, are the last verse of the Book of Isaiah and a text in Daniel which has already been quoted in another connexion. The passage in Isaiah with the context is: "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth . . . I create Jerusalem a rejoicing. . . . Before she was in labour, she brought forth . . . I will bring upon her, as it were, a river of peace . . . You shall see, and your heart shall rejoice, and your bones shall flourish like an herb, . . . For behold, the Lord will come with [or, in] fire . . . The Lord shall judge by fire. . . . For as the new heavens and the new earth, which I make to stand before Me, saith the Lord: so shall your seed stand, and your name. And there shall be month after month, and Sabbath after Sabbath: [and] all flesh shall come to adore before My face, saith the Lord. And they shall go out and

see the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against Me: their worm shall not die, and their fire shall not be quenched: and they shall be a loathsome sight [A.V. an abhorring] unto all flesh" (Is. lxv. 17, 18; lxvi. 7, 12, 14, 15, 16, 22-24). And in Daniel: "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake,* some to everlasting [æonian] life, and

* The word *yashan*, here and elsewhere translated by "sleep," means to be exhausted, weary; and is consequently applied to what is old (Lev. xxvi. 10), inactive (Ps. xliii. 23 [xliv. 24]), asleep (Genesis ii. 21, of the deep "sleep" which fell upon Adam), or dead (Job iii. 13). The word *qûts*, its correlative, means to bestir oneself, be roused, as in Ps. xxxiv. [xxxv.] 23, "Arise, and *be attentive* to my judgment." 'Adhmath-'aphar, translated "dust of the earth," would have been more literally rendered by "earth of dust," *i.e.*, the grave or cemetery, the soil where the "dust and ashes" of the dead lie prone, and where mourning is also made for them. The term for everlasting in this and other passages is 'ôlam, derived from 'alam, to hide, and meaning "a hidden time," *i.e.*, a time of which the beginning or the end is distant, unknown, or undefined, or which has no beginning, or no end. In post-biblical Hebrew, it came to be applied to the (or *a*) world, probably because of the limits of the world being "hidden," or unknown; and in this sense it is perhaps used in Eccles. iii. 11: "He hath made everything beautiful in its time; also He hath set the 'ôlam in their heart, [yet] so that man cannot find out the work that God hath done from the beginning even to the end." Wright ("Ecclesiastes in Relation to Modern Criticism and Pessimism," p. 343) translates "He hath set *eternity* in their hearts"; Leimdörfer ("Kohélet," Hamburg, 1892, p. 107), "He hath put die Welt (das Sichtbare), the world (the visible), into their hearts;" Grætz, "He hath put ignorance in their hearts;" and the older versions, "He hath put the world (*aion*, *sæculum*) in their hearts." The general meaning of the autobiographer is seen by the context to be that when he was in the frame of mind which he is there describing he was inclined to imagine that, though a man is really concerned only with his own immediate surroundings and with making the most he can out of his life in conformity with the law of God, God, nevertheless, has "put into his heart" the whole course of things, past, present, and future, both near and at a distance, both those which concern him and those which do not; but has disclosed all this only partially, so that though all that comes from the hand of Providence is excellent in its time, the first beginnings and the ultimate outcome are beyond human wisdom to discern. The two phases of meaning included together in the later sense of 'ôlam—that of an indefinite sphere or world, and that of an indefinite period—are well seen in the New Testament, on examining the way in which *aion*, its translation into Greek, and *aionios*, or "having a quality of an *aion*," are there used. There is always a reference to time or period; there is often also a reference to state or world; and, indeed, the time is, as we might say, "a world of time." How long an æon or the æonian (cf. p. 243) continues depends on how long its "world" lasts—on how long the state or condition of things on which it is dependent endures. We are not, therefore, from the mere fact of the words 'ôlam, *aion*, or *aionios*, being used, entitled to infer that what is spoken of is in the strict sense *sempiternus* or everlasting. All that can be concluded from the use of these

some to shame, to everlasting [æonian] abhorrence" (Daniel xii. 2). With these two passages, and especially with the first of them, are intimately connected two others in the Greek portions of the Old Testament: "Woe to the nations that rise up against my people! The Lord Almighty will take vengeance on them in the day of [His] judgment, to give fire and worms into their flesh; and they shall lament in feeling [these], up to an [or the] æon [*heos aiona*]" (Judith xvi. 17); and (Ecclus. vii. 17), "The vengeance on the ungodly is fire and worms."* The first of this second couple of passages—of which, or of that in Isaiah, the words in Ecclesiasticus are an echo—directs our attention to the Book of Judith.

terms is that it is *æviternus* (of which *æternus* is a contraction), or, in other words, that it will last, or has lasted, for an æon, ævum, or age. How long that age is, or whether it had any beginning, or will have any end, is to be gathered, not from the mere employment of '*ôlam*, *aion*, or *aionios*, but from the context and from the circumstances of the case. Except in merely mediæval or modern Latin, which we are not here discussing, *æternæ pænæ* means *pænæ* or penalties for an æon; but how long the æon will be has to be decided on other grounds. Thus the Babylonian Captivity, and the desolation of Jerusalem concomitant on it, lasted seventy years. But to a pious Jew the beginning of those seventy years was the commencement of a new era. And consequently Isaiah (lviii. 12), when speaking of rebuilding the "old" desolate places, calls them "desolate '*ôlam*," "æonially desolate":—in the Septuagint, *eremoi aionioi*; in the Vulgate, *deserta sæculorum*; and in our Douai version, "places that have been desolate for ages"; though, as far as mere lapse of time was concerned, they had been despoiled less than seventy years before.—We may therefore translate Daniel xii. 2 "And many [or, and great ones] from among those that sleep [or, that lie inert] in the grave shall be roused up, some to æonian life, and some to shame, to æonian abhorrence."—It may be remarked that instead of the last three words the Vulgate has *ut videant semper*; and the Douai, consequently, "to see it always"; as if in place of *ledhire'ôn 'ôlam* (*le*, to; *dhire'ôn*, aversion, abhorrence), St. Jerome had read in his copy *ledhire'ôth 'olam* (*le*, to; *dhî*, *dhi*, or *dhe*, an Aramaic relative pronoun and conjunction, often redundant; and *re'oth*, the infinitive construct of *ra'ah*, to see). The reading would in that case have been due to the mistake of a scribe, occasioned by *leharaphôth*, "to shame," the word immediately preceding, ending with *-ôth*. The Septuagint translators had the present Hebrew text before them.

* These renderings follow the Greek or Septuagint text. According to the Latin, the passages are: "Woe to the nation that rises up against me people! For the Lord Almighty will take vengeance on them, in the day of [His] judgment He will visit them. For He will give fire and worms into their flesh, that they may burn, and feel for ever [*in sempiternum*];" and, "The vengeance on the flesh of the ungodly is fire and worms." Thy *klausontai*, "they shall lament," in the Septuagint, is probably a copyist's mistake for *kausontai*, "they shall burn."

The Position of the Book of Judith.

The date at which the events related in this narrative must have taken place, if, as the majority of Catholic scholars maintain, it is not to be regarded as an allegory, is fixed by its statements that the Temple was still standing, and that, nevertheless (as is evident from the position assumed by the high priest), there was no king reigning in Jerusalem. This was the case only during the captivity of Manasseh, King of Judah, who was carried away prisoner (B.C. 673?) to Babylon by the generals of Esarhaddon, King of Assyria, nearly a century before the destruction of the Temple (B.C. 586) by Nebuchadrezzar, King of Babylon.* Esarhaddon, who did not enjoy good health, seems

* Judith iv. 2-6; etc. The kingdom of Israel had already been taken into captivity (Judith iv. 1), and the whole of Palestine, including, therefore, the southern kingdom of Judah, had been greatly disturbed, though its inhabitants were resettling themselves (Judith v. 22, 23). The high priest's name is given in the Latin text as Eliachim, and in the Greek as Joachim. The seventh century B.C. was one in which a number of different appellations was frequently given in the East to the same persons. The two names have practically the same meaning. The first signifies "God hath set up," and the second "Jehovah hath set up." Both are found less than a century later as names of the same Jewish king (4 [2] Kings xxiii. 24), and if neither occurs in any extant list of the high priests, it is to be remembered that there exists no by any means complete catalogue of these.

The reign of Manasseh, though long—of more than fifty years including his captivity—was, especially in its earlier part, discreditable, and is lightly passed over by the Hebrew historians. In the account of it given in 4 [2] Kings xxi. his exile is not even referred to, and from this omission some hasty and foolish "critics" have inferred that it never took place. It is, however, spoken of in the later Books of Chronicles (2 Par [Chronicles] xxxiii. 12, 13), though without mentioning the name of the Assyrian monarch by whose generals he was carried off. But—so worthless is negative evidence—Esarhaddon himself says, in the Kouyunjik inscription (col. v., lines 11, 12), "I assembled the kings of Syria, and of the nations beyond the sea, Ba'al, King of Tyre, Manasseh [Me-na-si-e, with a variant Me-in-si-e], King of Judah," and twenty others. In his parallel Nineveh inscription he speaks of their being subsequently made to gather tribute from their respective countries and bring it to Nineveh: "I assembled twenty-two kings of the land of Syria and the sea-coast and the islands . . . great beams and rafters of ebony [?] wood, cedar, and cypress . . . slabs of granite [?] and alabaster [?] . . . for the adornment of my palace with labour and difficulty unto Nineveh they brought along with them" (Nineveh inscription, col. v., lines 11-26). Whether Manasseh in particular was so engaged does not appear. He was afterwards restored to his kingdom.—The two inscriptions are translated in "Records of the Past," First Series, Vol. III.

to have been the favourite son of Sennacherib, his father,* by whom he was made Regent or sub-King of Babylon. He appears from independent evidence to have been the monarch called in Judith Nabuchodonosor, King of Nineveh,† whose great

* He is the only son mentioned in the document which has been appropriately called the will of Sennacherib: "I, Sennacherib, King of multitudes, King of Assyria, have given chains of gold, heaps of ivory," etc., "to Esarhaddon, my son, who was afterwards named Assur-ebil-mucin-pal, according to my wish" (Budge, "Esarhaddon," p. 2; and "Records of the Past").—As to his health, his reign was but a short one, though his father met with a violent end; and a year or two before his death he had to resign the throne and retire to the more southerly city of Babylon, where he had been accustomed to hold his Court in the winter season, and to which he was always much attached. He says (in his Kouyunjik inscription, col. ii., lines 9-14) of Nebo-zir-ziz, whom he had made Regent of Babylon after his own accession to the throne of Assyria and had rebelled against him, that "He gave me no more gifts, he would not do homage to me, and his envoy to my presence he would not send. He would not even inquire after the health of My Majesty. . . . My officers, and magistrates who were nearest his land, I sent against him." He did not, it will be observed, himself even accompany the expedition as its nominal chief—dangerous though it was to allow of the existence of a too successful general who might on his return seize the supreme power and cause the monarch to be assassinated.

† The difference of name need give rise to no difficulty: we have already had Enemessar for Sargon (p. 158), Joachim for Eliachim, and Ashur-ebil-mucin-pal for Esar-haddon himself (Ashur-ah-iddin, Ashur has given a brother).—Nabouchodonosor or Nabuchodonosor is the usual Greek form of Nebuchadnezzar, or—the *n* standing for an earlier *r*—Nebuchadrezzar, *i.e.*, Nabu-chudur-utsur, "Nebo, preserve the chudur." Though familiar to us only in connexion with the later Babylonian monarch by whom Jerusalem was destroyed, the name had previously been borne by at least two kings of Babylon before Esarhaddon's time: one a Chaldaean who reigned about B.C. 1150, and is the first King of Babylon mentioned after an Assyrian dynasty had for a time held power there; and the other a sovereign belonging to the house or family of Bazi, and called in addition Uras-chudur-utsur. A similar name is Bilu-chudur-utsur, "Bel, preserve the chudur," that of a King of Assyria B.C. 1225. The meaning depends on that of "chudur"; which is usually translated crown. The Persian, Assyrian, and Babylonian kings did not wear crowns in our sense of the word, but "tiaras"; and according to Friedrich Delitzsch (Delitzsch and S. Baer, "Libri Danielis, Ezrae, et Nehemiae," Lipsiae, 1882), "chudur" signifies "a felt cap, or helmet-like covering for the head, resembling a tiara, such as slaves employed as labourers wore, to enable them to carry burdens more easily, and to protect them from the sun's heat." Delitzsch sees in the giving of the name Nabu-chudur-utsur to the well-known Nebuchadnezzar, an allusion to the restoration of Babylon, in which his father Nabopolassar was engaged when he bestowed it on his son. Esarhaddon was also, it may be observed, a restorer of Babylon. "The special work," says Winckler, "Geschichte Babyloniens und Assyriens" (Leipzig, 1892, p. 260), "which signalises him more than all his warlike enterprises, though these were in no wise inferior to those of his predecessors, was the restoration of Babylon and the reinstatement of the ancient city of Bel in her earlier rights. The command to rebuild the temple of Bel was one of the first acts of his government."

victory was over Arphaxad, King of the Medes, and who had Holofernes (Judith ii. 4), or, rather, Holophernes, for his principal general.

The Medes were at that time hanging threateningly over the northern frontiers of the Assyrian Empire. First mentioned, as far as the extant annals of Assyria are concerned, in an inscription of Salmanassar II. (B.C. 836), they had for many centuries been gathering along a parallelogram of no great depth from north to south, but reaching east and west from the southern shores of the Caspian Sea, through what was called Media Atropatene and through Armenia, to the river Halys, the modern Kisil Irmak, which in the more western part of its course separates Armenia and Cappadocia from the parts of Asia still closer to Europe. The Medes were not all of the same blood, the Orientals being chiefly members of the Aryan or Indo-Germanic race, who had pressed from the east along this strip of territory ; while the Occidentals were to a greater extent of a lower "Hittite" type, which also persisted to the east in hilly districts and in mountain fastnesses. There was little fellow-feeling, therefore, between the eastern and the western Medes, and the Medes were also divided into a plurality of tribes* ; so that advantage was taken by the Assyrians of these circumstances to procure the services of Medes, who were excellent soldiers, against the enemies of the State, and, perhaps, even against other Medes. This was, indeed, we are told, one of the causes of the downfall of the first Assyrian Empire in the earlier part or the middle of the eighth century B.C., which is ascribed by Ctesias (a Greek author who resided for seventeen years in Persia as physician to Artaxerxes) to a conspiracy between Arbaces, the Median Prefect of the last king of the old empire, and Belesis, the Prefect of the Babylonian contingent.† Such

* "Herodotus," I., 101; cf. I., 72.

† Only fragments of the historical work of Ctesias remain. It appears, however, both from those fragments (Sayce, "Herodotus") and from the statements of Diodorus Siculus (II., 32) that he made use of the Persian archives ;

a man, except for his unfaithfulness, was Holophernes. He was obviously a rapid and energetic general ; and his name, which is met with later in the history of Cappadocia, is Aryan Medic or Persian, as were some of the actions attributed to him.* As to "Arphaxad, King of the Medes," who "brought many nations (*ethne, gentes*, not meaning nations exclusively in our sense of the word, but bands, companies, tribes) under his dominion, and built a very strong city which he called Ecbatana" (Judith i. 1), his name is almost certainly connected with Armenia. The name Arbag is now given to the country east of Van ; Alvaca, which is really the same name, was the ancient title of the district through which the eastern branch of the Tigris flows after it has entered Armenia—the province which the Persians called Arrapachitis ; and when Tiglath Pileser, the founder of the second Assyrian Empire, invaded Arrapkha, he conducted his troops along the lower Zab,

and, as might be expected from this, he takes an outside Medo-Persian view, vilifying the Assyrians, and leaving without mention their successes over their antagonists. The Assyrian records, in like manner, do not commemorate Assyrian defeats.

* As, his demanding earth and water in token of submission (Judith ii. 6, Greek), and his intoxication (xii. 20) a habit for which the Medes were celebrated, of which they were proud, and from which they apparently derived their name of Madai or Amadai. The significance of giving earth and water must have been due to the worship of deities, of springs, and of the underworld by those who thus professed their fealty (*Ante*, XIX., 217, *sqq.*).—An Olophernes, son of Ariamnes I., brother of Ariathes I., and father of Ariathes II., Kings of Cappadocia, was sent to assist Darius Ochus, King of Persia, B.C. 424—405, in his expedition against Egypt. Another was a suppositious son of Ariathes, also a King of Cappadocia. The first part of the name, which is not unfrequently found as a prefix in West Asiatic geographical names (*e.g.*, Olondæ, Olastræ), may signify a rod, staff, or ensign : compare the Zend *har*, to go, and the new Persian *hal*, a standard ; 'alander, a standard bearer ; *har*, a thorn ; 'ar, a reed ; 'ar, cinædus ; *yal*, a strong man, a hero ; *wālā*, exalted. The second part, -phernes (where the *ph* ought to be pronounced as in ship-hook) is old or Achæmenian Persian and Aryan Medic for a commander or general, as in the Medic Sidirparna and Eparna, and the Persian Intaphernes (Behistun inscription), Tissaphernes, Artaphernes, and Pharnabazus. Principal generals are frequently spoken of in the Assyrian inscriptions, *e.g.* : "In my second campaign, Mulis-Assur, chief of the commanders, a leader skilful in fighting, a man of authority, with my war engines and my camp, to Nahri I urged on and sent him forth" (Inscription of Samsi-Rimmon, col. ii., lines 17-21).

which would bring him about eighty miles to the south of lake Urumiah, in Media Atropatene, to the east of the same district. Combining these data together, we may infer that the name Arpak, Alpak, etc., was given to the eastern part of Armenia and the country east and south-east of it. The suffix *xata* is also Armenian: adding it to the stem, we have the name Arphaxata or Arphaxad.* In regard of Ecbatana, we are encountered by a veritable *embarras de richesses*. There was an Ecbatana or Agbatana on the site of the present Persian town of Hamadán, about two hundred miles south-south-east of lake Urumiah; another, which Sir Henry Rawlinson believed, not without good reason, and after having gone over the ground, to be the Ecbatana *par excellence*, more to the north, at Takht-i-Suleiman, about eighty miles south-east of the lake; another—out of the question as far as the Medes of the seventh century before Christ are concerned—on Mount Carmel; and perhaps a fourth in Assyria proper, the Castle of Amadiyah, which still retains the name of Ek-badan. There may, in fact, have been a dozen, for the word is derived from the Persian hagmatán, which means a treasury, or, in other words, a place where what is of value is committed for safe keeping. Such a treasury was in early times the upper part of an isolated hill, access to which was made more difficult by terracing it, while the central space formed a sort of pound, an enclosure into which the population of the

Franz Delitzsch, "Neuer Commentar ü. d. Genesis," p. 223 (on Genesis x. 22, where, as in Judith, we find Arphaxad as the name of a person), referring to Lagarde, "Symmiktá," I., 5, and Nöldeke, "Deutsche Morgenländische Zeitung," XXXIII., 149. The suffix is found in, for example, Artaxata, the name of an Armenian town on the Araxes (*Arta*, "noble," and *xata*, "the truly noble town"). The name Arbaces, given by Ctesias, and by Xenophon as that of a Median general in his own time ("Anabasis," I., 7), is the same as Arpak (a *c* in an English transcription from a Greek author being equivalent to a *k*), and in the Armenian language the word means little, young, a scion. The Sanskrit *arbhaga*, with *alpaga* as a variant form, has the same meanings (klein, schwach, mager, ähnlich, kind, in the "St. Petersburg Dictionary"). The signification, then, appears to be "A true son"—a chip of the old block, as we should say. As regards the Arphaxad in Genesis, Schrader, "Keilinschriften," p. 112, gives a different but not a satisfactory account.

dwellings round the foot and on the slopes might retreat in time of danger. We have here, obviously, the explanation of the walls, seventy cubits broad and only thirty cubits high (Judith i. 2) which have been the occasion of so much animadversion by those who have never reflected on the circumstances of the case.*

To this account of the historical surroundings and position of the Book of Judith it is to be added that though we do not elsewhere read of any Arphaxad being defeated by the Assyrians, Herodotus speaks of the destruction by them of a Median and Persian army under a king, whom he calls Phraortes, in circumstances so similar that they can scarcely have occurred twice; and that though (as is often the case) his chronology is deficient, the defeat was probably inflicted towards the end of the reign of Esarhaddon.† The nations against whom his

* In Zend and old Persian, an enclosure of this kind was called a vara; hence the name of Mount Baris east of Ararat; hence also the appellation Baris, given to the citadel of the Temple at Jerusalem; and hence also the name Vera, given to Ecbatana by the Greek geographer Strabo. In the Zendavesta (*Vendidad, Fargard* ii.) Yima is commanded to construct a vara for his preservation, as in a paradise, from the coming destruction of the world; to make its walls of squared blocks of stone; and to plant trees and provide a supply of water in its interior. The hanging gardens of Babylon were of the same kind ("Diodorus Siculus," II.).

† The substance of the account given by Herodotus (I., 96-103) is that the Medes dwelt in scattered villages without any central authority, till a certain Dēioces, the son of one Phraortes, arose. This Deioces, who was already a man of mark in his own village, put himself forward as arbiter of the disputes of his fellow-villagers, and was most careful as to the equity of his decisions, because he had a secret design of attaining supreme power. He obtained such a reputation for justice that the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, and at last of the country at large, resorted to him; whereupon, after he had made himself indispensable, he pretended that he desired to attend to the management of his private affairs, and retired. Lawlessness ensued, as he had foreseen; and the result was that he was made king. He then commanded Ecbatana to be built as his capital; and reigned there for fifty-three years, ruling over the Medes alone. He was succeeded by his son, Phraortes, whose grandfather had also been named Phraortes. This monarch brought first the Persians, and then many other nations, into subjection, till at last he attacked the Assyrians, "but perished in the expedition with the greater part of his army, after having reigned over the Medes twenty-two years." He was succeeded by his son, Cyaxares, who reigned forty years; and Cyaxares by Astyages, who reigned for thirty-five years,

general Holophernes is related in Judith to have been sent, are precisely those spoken of by Esarhaddon in his recently discovered inscriptions as having been lately made subject to him

and was in turn succeeded by Cyrus, who took the government seventy-eight years before the Battle of Marathon (480 B.C.). So far Herodotus.

Deioces would thus have been made king B.C. 708. Now it is not a little remarkable that Sargon, the successor of Salmanassar and the predecessor and father of Sennacherib (*Ante*, p. 158), says, in the inscription in which he relates the history of his rule, "In the seventh year of my reign (B.C. 715—714) Ursaha, the Armenian," *i.e.*, the King of Minni, west of lake Van, "conspired about the defection with Ullusun of Van," on the east of the lake, "and I took from him twenty-two strong places. . . . Ullusun conspired with Dayaukku, Prefect of Van . . . I took with me Dayaukku," and, he goes on to relate, sent him and his family and people at Hamath. And "In the ninth year of my reign I went to Ellip, Bit Dayaukku," *i.e.*, the place, residence, or fortress of Dayaukku, "and Karalli" (col. v., lines 17, 18). "From the inscriptions," says Sayce ("Herodotus," I., 96, note 8), Bit Daiukku lay to the east of Assyria, not far from where Ecbatana was afterwards built." The coincidences in name, date, and situation are so close as practically to amount to proof of identity between Dēiok-es and Dayauk-ku, whose name is Aryan Medic or Persian—dahak, the biter? or daēvaka, the divine one? He seems to have been restored to his position of Assyrian prefect—he is called prefect, observe, without qualification—or to have made his back and have made a fortress farther east and more out of the way of the kings of Assyria. The original form of the name Phraortes, that of both the father and the son of Deioces, is Fravartish, which is recorded in the Behistun inscription (ii. 5) as also that of a Mede who rebelled against Darius, joined battle before Gundrusia, took refuge in the hilly country which lies on either side of the long narrow plain of Ragha, and was crucified at Ecbatana. The name is evidently derived from the Zend *fra*, before, and *var*, to announce, proclaim, declare, choose, and to enclose (whence Vara in the sense of an enclosure), defend; and consequently means "He who chooses before," or "He who protects in advance" (cf. Pott, "Forschungen," Th. II., Abth. 3, p. 575). It has, in fact, the general meaning of patron, chief, or prince.

The chronology of Herodotus would bring down the defeat and death of Phraortes to B.C. 633, a time, however, when the Medes, instead of being a conquering people, were under the yoke of the Scythians, who had poured into Asia from the north-east. But the reigns assigned by Herodotus, which average thirty-seven and a-half years apiece, are evidently too long;—in particular the reign of Deioces, fifty-three years, after by a long series of manœuvres he had raised himself to the place of honour, is so. The only time at which the premature attack made by his Phraortes can reasonably be placed is towards the close of the reign of Esarhaddon, who assumed the supreme power towards the end of B.C. 681, shortly after the murder of his father, Sennacherib, by another son; and in the thirteenth year of his reign resigned the government of Nineveh into the hands of his son, Assur-bani-pal (B.C. 669—626), reserving to himself only that of Babylon. His inscriptions do not extend to the end of his reign; nor are their contents stated by him to be arranged in chronological order.

either for the first time or after preceding revolt. They would, therefore, be the most likely to rebel again, especially on any exceptional demand being made of them unaccompanied by a display of physical force. Thus the Nabuchodonosor of Judith does not send to the Medes; and naturally so, if, according to the Book of Judith, they had just been defeated in a great battle, and were already in the hollow of his hand. But he sends to the land of "Jesse" (Judith i. 9, a corrupt reading for Goshen) as far as the borders of Ethiopia; and it is now known, though not from the extant inscriptions of Esarhaddon, that he conquered Egypt as far as the Ethiopian frontier. It is also known that the Ethiopian monarch Tirhakah reconquered Lower Egypt from the Assyrians. Nevertheless Holophernes is not sent to Egypt. The reason was that Assur-bani-pal himself went there: "In my first expedition to Makan and Milukha," the Sinaitic peninsula and Lower Egypt, "I went. Tirhakah, King of Egypt and Ethiopia, of whom Esarhaddon, King of Assyria, the father my begetter, his overthrow had accomplished, and had taken possession of his country; he, Tirhakah, the power of Assur, Istar, and the great gods my Lords, despised, and trusted to his might."* As little is Holophernes sent to Babylon; and the inscriptions have made us acquainted with the reason: Esarhaddon himself was reigning there. But as becomes his subordinate position of mere general, he is despatched to the minor "kingdoms of the West"—to Western Mesopotamia, Cilicia, Arabia, and Syria (Judith ii.) All these had been only recently subdued by Esarhaddon, who in his Nineveh inscription calls himself, "Conqueror of the city Sidon, which is on the sea;" "Trampler on the heads of the men of Khilakki;" "Destroyer of the people of Manna [Minni?], who worship not the host of Heaven;" Conqueror of Hazael, King of Damascus; and Conqueror of Batzu, a province of Arabia.† After the

* Assur-bani-pal, Cylinder A, col. i., lines 51-56 ("Records of the Past," I., 61).

† Esarhaddon, Nineveh inscription, col. i. 9; ii. 10, 27; iii. 19, 25.

disaster which befell the army of Holophernes, several of the neighbouring countries again revolted. For, says Assur-bani-pal, "In my third expedition against Ba'al, King of Tyre, I went ;" "Sandasarmi of Cilicia . . . kissed my feet ;" "In my fourth expedition, I gathered my army ; against Akhseri, King of Minni, I went."* No campaign was directed against the Hebrews, whose king, Manasseh, was on the other hand restored.

I have not thought it necessary to offer any reply to some more minute objections brought against the Book of Judith ; such, for example, as that there could not have been a Hebrew woman with the name of Judith ; that Holophernes could not have sat under a canopy ; and that the Syrians could not have come crowned with garlands. Such minute objections are mostly whimsical, and are often merely perverse ; and even where they are neither the one nor the other, they are small matters, and do not stand in the front rank. Judith means Jewess. Why should there not have been a Jewish woman called Judith, just as there are English people called English and England, Frenchmen called François, and Germans called Hermann ? Let it suffice us to have discussed the historical backbone of the book, which is in a very different position from that which it seemed to occupy when nothing or next to nothing was known of the history of Egypt, Babylonia, or Assyria.

The Worms, and the Fire, of Gehenna.

"For thirty days the spoils of the Assyrians were scarcely gathered together by the people of Israel" (Judith xv. 13). . . . "He will put fire and worms into their flesh, that they may burn and may feel for ever" (Judith xvi. 21).—There is between these two verses a very genuine connexion. The words

* Assur-bani-pal, Cylinder A, col. ii. 84, 110, 124 ; iii. 43, 44 ("Records of the Past," Vol. I., p. 68, *sqq.*). The second expedition had been against Egypt, which shows that the first was not decisive.

in the second of them were suggested by the consequences of the great battle, by the festering corpses of the slain adversaries of Israel. This gives the point to the *vermes*, the worms, of the verse last quoted, while the appropriateness of speaking of *ignis*, fire, in relation to them, depends on the fact that as the bodies of those who had been killed would soon decompose, especially in the hot climates of the East, they were burned to get rid of their offensiveness. The connexion comes out more explicitly in the concluding passage in Isaiah which resumes almost the whole of the phraseology used before the close of the Babylonian Captivity with reference to the future of Israel in the new æon. Zion, unlike Ephraim (Hosea xiii. 12, 13), is to bring forth children; the bones of Israel are to flourish like an herb, in allusion to Is. xxvi.; the Divine judgment is, as frequently elsewhere in Holy Scripture, compared with fire; there is to be a new heaven and a new earth—a new world, in fact, in which all flesh shall come to worship at Jerusalem with a worship uninterrupted by any subsequent captivities, for Israel's shall continue, in the persons of the just of Israel, as abidingly as the new heavens and the new earth themselves, though the bulk of the heathen, and those who have cut themselves off from Israel, are to perish. The former are to go up, without hindrance from their previous enemies, to worship from new moon to new moon, and from Sabbath to Sabbath. And as they do so they are to see the relics of the hostile army decomposing and being consumed by fire: "They shall go forth and look upon the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against Me: for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh."—Such is obviously the strictly liberal interpretation of the passage. What farther implications there are in it, is another matter; and, as everyone is aware, farther implications have justly been drawn from it. But here, as elsewhere, in order really to understand them, we have to familiarise ourselves in the first instance with the literal

sense, which was the originally expressed thought on which the phraseology of the future turned as on a pivot.

What Affliction were the Fire and Worms to the Dead?

But, it may very reasonably be asked, what impression did the sacred writer expect to produce on the minds of his readers by such a description? He drew, it is true, a picture of appalling loathsomeness; but what could it matter to those who had been slain in battle that worms and fire consumed their corpses? Would not his readers at once say, "Much the slain will care for all that!" The answer is, that (at least in popular conception) the soul was not supposed to leave the body at once when what we call death takes place, but was conceived of as remaining, still tied to the body as long as this last endured, suffering from its corruption and decay, and afflicted by the indignities or the punishments to which it was subjected. Seven judgments, says an old Jewish book,* are inflicted by death. First, there is death itself, with its pains and sorrows. Second, there is the rising into judgment of the sins committed. Third, the Angel of Death comes to the tomb, and flagellates the body; which the deceased feels. Fourth, from the third to the thirtieth day, there is the progress of corruption in the trunk; and fifth, in the organs of sense. Then only, the souls parts company with the material envelope. Sixth, there are the punishments of hell, to which it next descends. And seventh, it wanders as a ghost, thus completing its purgatory before it is permitted to ascend to its celestial country.—The central idea is, as usually happens, older than the book. It is expressed by one of the speakers in Job: "His sons come to honour, and he knoweth it not: and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them. But his flesh upon him hath pain; and his soul within him mourneth" (Job xiv. 21, 22).

X. Y. Z.

(*To be continued.*)

* See Stehelin, "Rabbinical Literature," London, 1748.

*The late Lady Alexander Gordon
Lennox.*

A CATHOLIC great lady is charitable of necessity. Whatever her class—and it is a kind of class—have done or left undone otherwise, under the criticism of the world, almsgiving in every case, and some personal service in almost every case, have been a very condition of their career. Charity in Paris is organised by women of rank and fortune with French system, feminine persistence, and Catholic perseverance. Under the Empire, when “smart” women (the word is intolerable, but it saves a conjunction of adjectives) were more conspicuously pious than they are now, the *quête* was pushed in society as well as at the church doors. A lady who habitually entertained exacted from her bachelor guests an amiable support of her charities. A special case was chatted over at the newly introduced “five o’clock” (foreigners are liable, in adopting phrases, to leave out the important word; Parisian admirers of our national drink generally speak of it knowingly as *le pale*, and we heard an Englishwoman but lately ask another, as to a certain popular opera, “had she seen ‘Rusticana’ yet?”). And prettily her visitors were persuaded to make up a little purse for the particular misery that had made subject for talk. In all the many changes of Parisian conditions, the woman who prefaces her social day by an early Mass is a woman charitable herself and the cause of charity in others.

In London the good deeds of Catholic ladies have been evident and resplendent. They have been undertaken with an English seriousness. It is impossible to name a Catholic woman without the association of her charities. This is the case with those now living, whom it would be intrusive to mention; and of the dead nothing is remembered so vividly as their devotion to the poor. Lady Lothian, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Lady Londonderry "survived themselves," as the French say, by their long and laborious alms deeds. And Lady Alexander Gordon Lennox, whose loss is so recent, kept the tradition. Interested as she was in society, in art, in history, in needlework, she owned that central interest without which a Catholic woman would be an anomaly.

Lady Alexander Gordon Lennox was the daughter of Colonel and Lady Caroline Towneley, and she was therefore, like her sisters, Lady O'Hagan, Lady Clifford, and Mrs. Delacour, a great heiress. Her husband (a brother of the present Duke of Richmond) was a convert to the Catholic Church, fortified by whose rites he died a year before his wife. Mr. Cosmo Gordon, the only son, inherits his mother's fortune. Very shortly before her death was taken the excellent portrait of Lady Alexander which, by the courtesy of the Editor we reproduce from the *Gentlewoman*.

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